

LOOK OUT FOR THE CHRISTMAS WAR CRY! IT WILL BE A BEAUTY!

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA,
NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

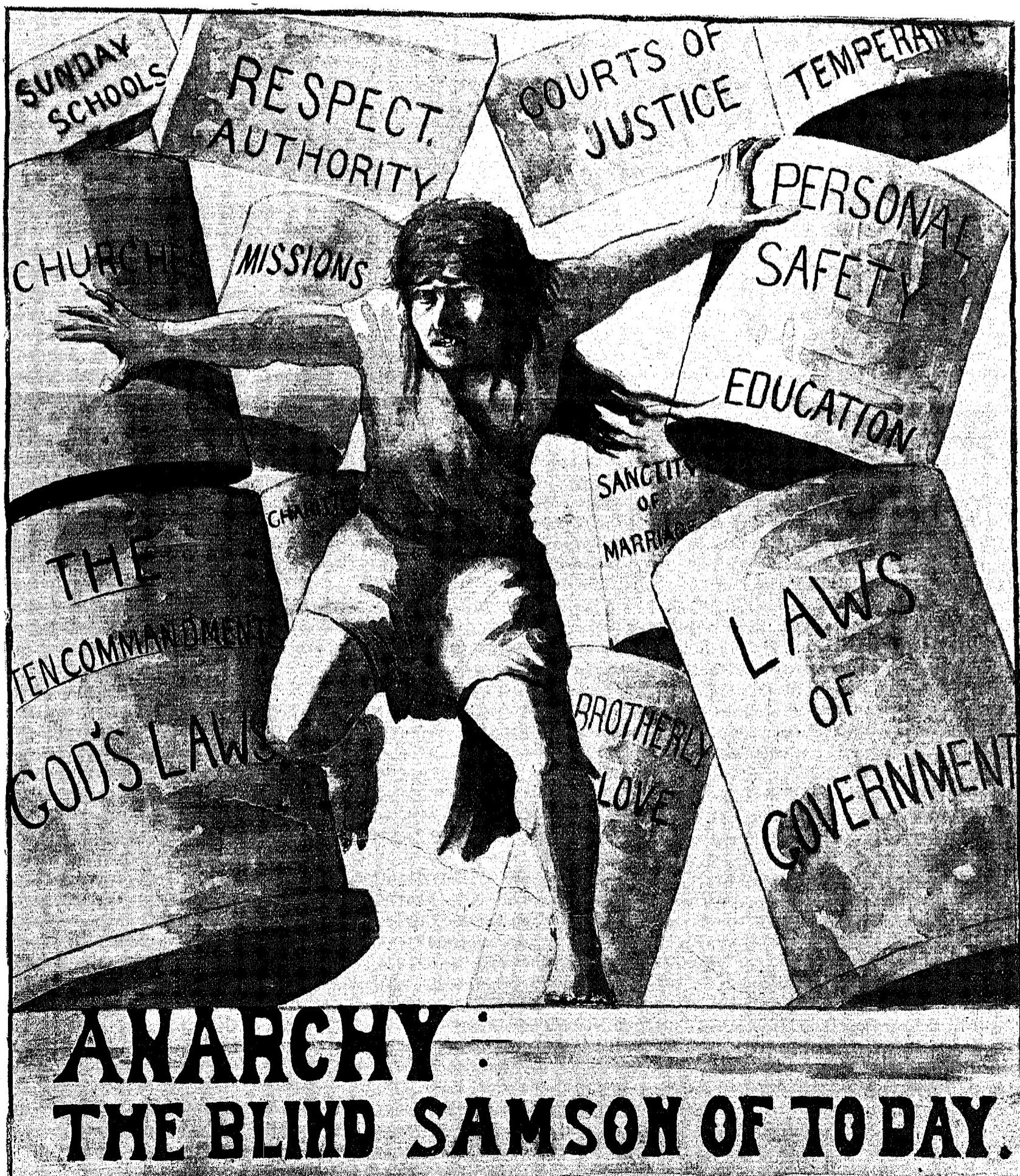
15th Year. No. 11.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1898.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



DON'T.

Don't talk, but DO.

Don't mind other's business, mind your own.

Don't say you can't until you have tried twice.

Don't forget that the darkest hour is only sixty minutes.

Don't act the fool. There are too many people doing that naturally.

Don't sacrifice the certainties of tomorrow.

Don't be afraid to speak out loud. The world is too busy to listen to whispers.

Don't think because beauty is but skin deep that all thin-skinned people are handsome.

Don't think God can't get on without you. The world will go on and leave you behind.

Truths Well Clothed.

Strive manfully; habit is overcome by habit.—Thomas A. Kempis.

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.—Coleridge.

The true past departs not. Nothing that was worthy in the past departs—no truth or goodness realized by man ever dies, or can die.—Carlyle.

Errors such as are but acorns in our younger brows grow oaks in our older heads, and becomes inflexible.—Sir Thomas Browne.

As "unkindness has no remedy at law," let its avoidance be with you a point of honor.—Hosea Ballou.

Who waits until circumstances completely favors his undertaking will never accomplish anything.—Luther.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.—Young.

"The man whom I consider is deserving of the name, is one whose thoughts and actions are for others, not himself alone."—Blanchard.

"Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

—Rudyard Kipling.

KLONDIKE NUGGETS
From Dawson City.

OUR open-air meeting had been in progress about half and hour to-night, when a poor drunkard stepped out of the saloon directly opposite where we were standing, and asked us to pray for him, which, of course, we did there and then, and he claimed salvation right on the spot.

We were wending our way from the above-mentioned service when a gentleman informed us he had been present and greatly blessed, and placed a \$20 gold piece in our hands.

Three nights ago a gentleman pressed his way into our open-air ring and said, "Allow me to say a word or two. I know not only of the good the Army are doing in Dawson City, but in other parts of the world, especially in the United States. On the Pacific slope I know the Government, when distributing charity or aid of any description, places largely such work in the hands of the Salvation Army. I give this \$20 to-night as a recognition of my sympathy, and I wish the Army to know that my pocket-book is always at the command of a good cause."

We quote from the "Klondike Nugget," of October 1st:

"A Word of Praise."

The corps of the Salvation Army are certainly to be commended for the untiring perseverance and energy with which they have prosecuted the arduous labor of cutting logs, rafting

them down the river and shaping them into two most capacious buildings on Church Street, excepting, of course, the hospital. The contributions from the public have been limited, yet with their own labor and without hope of compensation, they are approaching the completion of buildings worth between four and six thousand dollars, as Dawson prices go."

The mortality of Dawson is not as great as generally supposed. Still the hospitale are full of sufferers afflicted with scurvy and fever. One of the saddest sights is to witness a rough waggon bearing away in a crude coffin the remains of somebody's loved one, and not a flower graces the sad scene, at this time of the year especially.

Dawson City assumes a more substantial aspect every day, as the tents disappear, and in their places warm dwellings are erected.

The old adage has it, "Necessity is the mother of invention"—1,350 feet was the distance logs had to be hauled out of the bush to raft them down the river. Four of us carried quite a number, of these heavy monsters measuring 22 and 24 feet long. Couldn't stand it any longer, hewed two wheels of a large tree and used part of a smaller for an axle, put a pair of shafts in it, and that's the way we got there. Capt. Bloss, who has proved himself to be a pretty good carpenter, makes the enclosed drawing for the benefit of War Cry readers. It will not be necessary, therefore, for me to further particularize.

We know no discouragements and are full of faith for the future.

Thankfulness is the spirit both for living and dying.—Hereford.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan xii. 3.

WEARY and worn with earthly cares, I yield to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose;
I thought whilst slumbering on my couch in the midnight solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.

A gentle touch awakened me,—a gentle whisper said:
"Arise, oh, sleeper, follow me;" and through the air we fled.
We left the earth so far away, that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway stream'd.

Still on we went,—my soul was wrapt in silent ecstasy;
I wondered what the end would be, what next would meet mine eye.
I knew not how we journey'd thro' the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.

We stood before a city's wall most glorious to behold;
We passed thro' gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;
I needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns, from every clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the glory His alone."

But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face;
And as I gazed He smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.
Lowly I bow'd before His throne, o'erjoy'd that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes; that earth at length was past.

And then in solemn tones he said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorned with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed in Me, and life through Me be thine,
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?

Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow,
For every soul they led to Me they wear a jewel now!
And such thy bright reward had been if such had been thy deed,
If thou hadst sought some wand'ring feet in path of peace to lead.

I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone,
Should guide some other weary feet to My bright home of rest,
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blessed."

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake.
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which long I feared to break,
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit fell o'erwhelm'd beneath that vision's awful night.

I rose and wept with chasten'd joy that yet I dwelt below,
That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be.
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me!"
And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall shine."

Young frost is growing in strength daily, and each succeeding morning finds he has a firmer grasp—ice can now be found half an inch thick.

The Northern Lights are very beautiful, assuming, as they do, all manner of shapes, sizes and forms.

At the time of writing we are far advanced with our Shelter, to the putting on of the roof. We have reason to believe that there will be a great deal of distress and destitution this winter, and our Food and Shelter with Wood Yard attached will help a little at least.

5 a.m. till 11 p.m. has been about the time put in by your Klondikers since we "struck the trail."

When the pioneer party leaves the frontier there will be few trades of which they will not know a little.

We may as well confess that we are all prone to be critical of our fellows. We fall most easily into the habit of saying unkind things to others. We do not mean to hurt anyone. We imagine that our criticisms are just and right, and therefore that we should utter them. We forget that we ought to look at others through eyes of love, and not through eyes of mere cold knowledge. We do not know how much hurt we do by our unchristian censure and faultfinding.—Selected.

Music and Song.

Take Them Away from the Devil.

By W. F. F.

(Continued.)

The Salvation has, to a great extent, recognized the value of music; but a few suggestions may possibly be helpful, especially to officers or those in charge of corps.

1.—An officer should get to know what musical talent he has in his corps and develope the same.

(a) By making a list of the names of those soldiers who can sing solos of parts, and by noting what songs they sing.

(b) He should also be on the lookout for any officer who has a good voice, even though he does not claim to be a singer, and teach him songs.

(c) He might also add other songs to his list, which he considers may be useful, and teach them to his singers.

(d) He should also make a list of those soldiers who can play instruments of any kind, together with the name of the instrument and the part they play. By this means he may be able to form, in addition to the brass band, a string or mixed band. Of course, some of the soldiers may belong to both.

2.—A leader should never enter a meeting without preparation—what looks worse than for an officer to step on to a platform, and after his minute of silent prayer, say to the comrade sitting next to him, "What shall we sing?"

In making preparation he should first decide upon the subject with which to deal, and choose his songs accordingly, selecting his solos and part songs from the list he has. Should he desire a solo not on the list he could teach the same to one of his singers.

The first song should be one in which the congregation can join. Nothing tends to melt the hearts of a crowd like a good sing altogether at the start. If this end is not secured with the first song the chances of doing good are very much lessened.

In order to get a good sing, everybody should have a song book, or should at least be given an opportunity of getting one.

If the congregation do not join in the singing as heartily as is desired, urge them to do so. An anecdote is often helpful here, such as the General occasionally uses:

"If I were to invite you to my house to dinner, and were to stand you in one corner of the room, while I and my family took part in a good feast, and after we had been on for some time were to ask you, 'Have you been having a good time?' you would answer, 'Give me a knife and fork and let me join in and then I should.'"

So, if you want to enjoy singing, you must take part in it.

If such an illustration does not succeed, it may be wise occasionally to change the song.

A common reason why congregations do not join in the singing is because they know it would be impossible for them to be heard above the band and drum.

Where a band is used it is good to sing on occasional verse without the band.

A chorus during the first prayers is often helpful. Where the first song has not resulted in a good sing, it is often possible to obtain this result at this time.

Let the song thus chosen be of the nature of a prayer and let it not be too long. For instance, "Give me a heart like Thine," or "Take all my sins away," or "Prepare me, Lord."

After prayer a song from the War Cry may be useful. The unselement caused by the selling of the paper will thus be got over early on in the meeting.

It is not advisable to commence the meeting with a song from the War Cry, as the words would probably be new, and would not produce such a good sing as a well known song from the song book.

Preparation should be made beforehand for the effective rendering of this song, and for providing for a good musical accompaniment to the same. This makes people more eager to buy.

(To be concluded.)



By THE EDITOR.

RECENT events—especially the brutal murder of the Empress of Austria in Geneva—have again cast the shadow of the dreaded spectre, Anarchy, across not only the thrones of European empires, but also over the republican governments. Again and again have we been reminded of the fact, that there is some poor blind Sampson in the “civilized” world—imprisoned in the tenements of London, the factories of Chicago, the sweat-shops of New York, the coal mines of Pennsylvania, the exiles of Siberia, the pauper’s hut of Italy—always found in those ant-hills of the human race—the large cities of the world—whose hair is growing, nevertheless, and whose strength is returning, while, blinded and enslaved, he treads the mill of plutocracy.

*“There is some poor, blind Sampson in the land,
Shorn of his strength, and bound with bands
of steel;
Who may in some grim revel raise his hand
And shake the pillars of the common-weal.”*

“Bring poor old Sampson here, that we may have some real sport,” cried the Lords of the Philistines. They were having a fine time of it; they were feasting and drinking and feeling mighty big; the one whom they once feared, and who used to make them feel small, was their slave now.

“Come on, blind Sampson, old boy, let us have some sport!” they shouted, when the fallen judge of God’s chosen people appeared, and uproarious laughter followed this mocking speech of beardless youths. And Sampson gnashed his teeth, his heart beat wildly as he forced down the lump that was rising in his throat.

“Let me lean against the pillars that support the roof,” he whispered to the lad that guided him. “Let me feel the main supports and I will show you some sport!”

Now he puts his horny hands on those mighty columns, he braces his iron-sinewed limbs, his muscles swell, his sinews snap—“This once, O Lord, this once forget my backsidings and remember only the wrongs done to me, Thy servant!”—and the mighty pillars sway—and bend—and fall. Three thousand men and women who were on the roof and tons of masonry fall upon other thousands in the court and hall below. Death, the mighty leverer, thrusts lords and slaves into one immense tomb, and the debris of the former grand temple of Dagon pile up an unshapen monument to the memory of Sampson.

* * * * *

The Israelites came to Rehoboam. “Taxes are heavy, crops have been poor, the country is now fairly fortified and safe, make our yoke lighter and we will serve thee.”

Rehoboam consulted his councillors, both the wise and the careless, but he followed the counsel of the inexperienced. He replied “to the people: “My father made your yoke heavy and I will add to your yoke; my father also chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions (a whip with sharp prongs in it).” Result: The united chosen people of God rebelled and were divided. Ever after idolatry was introduced by Israel to prevent reunion and the seed of natural death was sown, coming finally to fruition in the captivity of the Jews and the dispersion of the tribes over the face of the earth.

* * * * *

History has recorded many more incidents of the blind Sampson’s returning strength, when his mighty limbs were employed in the revolutions of cities, in the burning of castles, the demolishing of palaces and the killing of thousands of men, women and children, who have only been looking on from the roof. Down came the laws of God and man; schools and churches were special eyesores and to be rich meant to be guilty of death. It would fill more pages than the War Cry contains to recall all the gruesome records of the secret and public assassinations, the pell-mell of individuals, the revolts of communities and the revolutions and civil wars of nations which were the result of blind Sampson’s growing hair. All these outbreaks have been spasmodic, with intervals of comparative quietness.

During the recent years there has been a pronounced growth of anarchistic tendencies; they have found expression, for instance, in the riots among the Homestead Ironworkers a few years back, and during the past year in the various attempts on the Czar’s life, the bread riots in Italy,

teaching of Anarchism are to be strongly condemned and can in no manner be justified, for a doctrine that advises the committing of a wrong deed to overcome an existing wrong, is not of God. It is a well-known adage that “two wrongs can never make a right,” for the offspring of two wrongs will always be another wrong. Besides, government is of God, at least it is sanctioned, and in some measure overruled by God. Law was introduced with the very first act of creation, for the creation of anything meant the nature and purposes of the object to be created. For instance, when God divided the waters from the dry land, there must first have been given the law of gravitation; when trees and herbs were created it was necessary that laws should first be devised to determine how the plant should root, breathe, find nutrition, produce seed, having in itself all the powers to reproduce a like plant, etc. We have very little conception of what enormous wisdom must have conceived so intricate and complicated a system of laws that made the existence of the meanest plant possible. A very little reflection will show us how law, order and government is continually active in all creation, therefore it is quite impossible that mankind, even in small numbers, could live together without some observations or government.

What Causes Anarchism?

We must remember that the actual number of men who have banded themselves in some way into organizations to advance the cause of Anarchism are comparatively small; nevertheless, they are evidently on the increase, and their ranks are recruited from all classes of society, mainly from men who have suffered the loss of employment, or personal possessions, or social positions, or in some manner came in contact with the civil law. It is a significant fact that Anarchism is practically unknown among the farming population, but is strongest and most vicious in the largest cities of the world. The reasons for this is obvious; it is the largest cities where the competition is the keenest, where want and privation is most acute and more intensely felt by contrast with the greatest display of luxury and wealth. The greater the difference is between poverty and wealth, the stronger hatred, envy and jealousy will show themselves, just in proportion as the fear of God and religion is missing. Without faith in the wisdom, love and providence of God, every injury and want adds force to the flame of hatred that exists so strongly among the poorer classes of our cities. Then human laws are so imperfect, and leave so many loop-holes for injustice, that there is continually furnished a great deal of fuel to the flame of class hatred. The abominable sweating system is sending its fibrous roots into the homes and lives of the poorest and weakest classes, to make it possible for a few soulless human hogs to live in luxurious comfort, and provide delicacies for their tables, a single dish of which would provide food and clothing for one of the victims for many months, if not years. Who has not heard or read from time to time the inhuman and heartless treatment given to the poor who make ready-made clothing, matches, shirts and other like articles? The famous “Song of the shirt,” aroused the whole British nation to a most emphatic voicing of resentment, but that sentimental manifestation of a truly righteous indignation wore off—shirts are still made at a starving wage and the sweating exists in a worse manner today. These systems are the fever swamps where the microbes of Anarchy breeds in profusion. Then there are the out-of-works, to whom life is a continual battle with starvation; there are the ex-criminals, who find it difficult to earn an honest living when once the stigma of imprisonment has branded their names; there are the outlaws, the hoboes and the tramps.

Anarchy’s Brain.

Another class must not be forgotten, as it is the one which furnishes the brain of Anarchism, it is the dissatisfied class of people, which is capable and sometimes clever. They see other, less capable, people occupying responsible and well-paid positions, in private and public life, and find it impossible, or improbable, to better themselves. They are not satisfied with a humble home and frugal fare, and without faith in God or a Judgment Day, consider themselves entitled to, at least, a share of the luxuries enjoyed by people who never raised their finger, or exercised their brain, to earn a dollar. All these sources are like cloudlets, which require only a favorable wind to mass them into a threatening thunder-cloud. A few of the most extreme characters of those classes form the point from which the lightning issues and strikes at the

heart of some monarch or president. Then the world is startled and awakened to the fact that Anarchists are alive, only to relapse into carelessness and indifference shortly afterwards. The extent of Anarchism we find, therefore, is only seen when it manifests itself in deeds, and is rarely properly estimated until it strikes. It is a repetition of the story of Sampson. The blinded brutal strength of the masses grows and increases in moral imprisonment, overthrows the elaborate structure of human authority, and utterly disregarding the Divine law, is not satisfied until it has buried itself and its lords in the debris of the Temple of Mammon. We have a Bloody Illustration in the terror of the French Revolution, just about a hundred years ago. The King and Queen were beheaded as well as the princes, priests and nobles by the thousands. In all the principal cities the guillotine and other instruments of death were kept in full operation; at Lyons no less than 6,000 were slain and an attempt was made to demolish the city entirely.

Great numbers were dispatched by canons and musketry, and greater numbers still perished in the “Noyades,” where thousands were taken in hulks to the midst of the rivers and then drowned by skuttling the vessels. It was rightly named the “Reign of Terror.”

The Cure.

Anarchy spells HATE, and is a child of hell. The cure spells LOVE, the Divine compassion which found its climax in the incarnation of Jesus. Love is the fulfillment of all laws. What we want, therefore, is not the doing away of governments and laws, but the doing away with the evils that necessitate the multiplication of laws. “Bear ye one another’s burden, and so fulfill the law.” The Salvation Army therefore, believes in a two-fold effort to stem the tide of Anarchistic tendencies; ONE, to make men bear each other’s burden and so lighten and lessen them. TWO, to get the unregenerated heart brought into harmony with the will of God, and so make it obedient to the Divine law. Where laws, imprisonments and threats have failed, the love of God and the salvation of Jesus Christ has conquered. Anarchists and Socialists, and all sorts of characters that furnish the raw material for Anarchists, have been converted and permanently changed into good, law-abiding citizens, through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army, and that not only by the ones and twos, but we have record of such cases in every country in large numbers. Human reformation, and so-called philanthropic efforts—however good in themselves—only lop off a branch from a bad tree here and there, where its fruit is most objectionable; but the Salvation Army aims at a change of the heart and endeavors to reach the very worst cases. If Anarchy is to be overcome, it must be by the force of the religion of Jesus Christ. No congress of the wisest men on earth will ever contrive means, or frame laws, that will wipe out Anarchism. Jesus Christ sets us the only example; He came to the poorest, He ate and drank, talked and healed in the very midst of them, to such an extent that the proud and self-righteous Pharisees looked upon Him almost as an Anarchist, and, in fact, accused Him of being one. The poor and oppressed classes hailed Him as a leader, as the Messiah, who, they expected, would take up the sword against the Roman oppressors, and bring about a reign of temporal prosperity. His Kingdom of Truth they could not understand. Like our perfect Pattern, let us “go to the worst,” as our beloved General expresses it. We must change the worst individual at the heart, and the result will work out in emotion, thought, conversation, act and influence, and form a mighty dam to stem the tide of political and spiritual Anarchy.

Instead of tying the napping Sampson with the cords of class-legislation, the Salvation Army strives to awaken in him the consciousness of his Divine birthright, and so to teach him to be a wise judge of Israel in the home, in the factory and store, and at the ballot-box, instead of becoming the blind slayer of governments.

N. B.—Just after the above article was written the news reached us that the Anti-Anarchists’ Congress has been opened at Rome, and that representatives of all the nations are now in attendance at the sessions.

He may not, in His mercy, grant The very thing we ask or want;

Still in this comfort rest—
His power, His wisdom, and His love
In bright and boundless concord move;

He’ll do the thing that’s best.

“Take heed of expecting too little. You little know how much power God may give you over your besetting sin.”



THE PROVINCIAL OFFICER VISITS LINDSAY DISTRICT.

UXBRIDGE.—Whem! How cold it was to be sure, when we stepped down from the train. However, after a cup of tea, we were on the march, four strong. The much reviled and oft beaten drum rendered valuable assistance. A short open-air meeting and then off to the barracks.

A fine crowd had assembled inside, and we enjoyed a really splendid meeting. A nice talk with the soldiers followed the public meeting. This place is stiff. God is, however, blessing the efforts of the faithful and devoted Captain (Culbert) and Lieutenant (Cook) who were toiling hard for S.-D.

FENELON FALLS.—We called on the way up at Lindsay to inquire of Adj't. Wiggins about S.-D., and found things in good shape. "The Falls" is a fine town, the people believe in the S. A. and love it. Capt. O'Neill had arranged for the P. O. to meet the soldiers to tea, and have a meeting with them before the public gathering. A good number turned up to enjoy the good things provided. The meeting which followed, although necessarily brief, was a blessedly-inspiring, helpful time.

Twenty-five soldiers were in the open-air procession through the mud, which was headed by the portly Adj't. Wiggins and his cornet. An interested crowd gathered round the ring while we spoke and prayed. Arriving at the barracks we found it nicely filled with a magnificent audience. The meeting was simply superb. Bro. Lane soloed. Adj't. Wiggins gave a blood and fire talk. The Brigadier was in fine trim and gave an address on the Salvation Army's Work and Progress. Rev. Mr. Leach also spoke. One man stood up for consecration and at 10:30 we wound up a really splendid meeting.

The War Cry Brigade here is a distinct success. The papers are cleared out and the Captain promises to try an increase shortly. God Bless Fenelon Falls.

KINMOUNT.—Treas. Cameron welcomed us at the station, and escorted us to the quarters. Capt. Lewis was busy gathering in things for the Soldiers' Tea. This is a very small place of some 300 people only. However, we had a good crowd on the march, nice open-air and a splendid inside meeting. Rev. Mr. Barnes gave an address. At conclusion of public meeting we had a short talk with the soldiers, who, by the way, are a happy, hearty lot.

LINDSAY.—Adj't. and Mrs. Wiggins are in command, and are pushing ahead in good shape. We visited dear Mrs. Moseley, who, though lying upon a sick bed, was bent on securing her S.-D. target of \$10. God restore her.

The march at night was O. K., although there was mud in abundance. We had a fine inside meeting—good crowd, offering all right, and some real good was done. The Adjutant is busy getting the J. S. and B. of L. work into proper order, and an advance in this direction will result.

OMEMEE.—This is a small place, but very friendly to the Army. The soldiers live at some distance from the barracks, being chiefly farmers. The Lieutenant came in from S.-D. collecting, bringing some \$6 with him.

The soldiers' meeting was a time of real spiritual help and blessing. 20 soldiers were on the march. A splendid crowd inside, collection very good, two soldiers were enrolled 'neath the Flag and others to follow. Rev. Mr. Roberts gave a most interesting and helpful address. Capt. Nelson and Lieut. Marshall are pushing ahead.



Say, boys, run home and tell your parents that they cannot afford to be without the Xmas War Cry.

West Ontario Wanderings

By MRS. STAFF-CAPT. PHILLIPS.

AT WOODSTOCK, where we spent a week-end recently, God came near, and wonderful times we had. Saturday night and Sunday morning everybody seemed bent on victory. In the afternoon, while the testimonies were being given, a heart-broken man—a drunkard for eighteen years—got up and told his story. Full of misery it was; separation from wife and family; vain efforts to do better, etc. However, he finished up at the penitent form, and God delivered him. At night eight more souls claimed forgiveness, and our brother, saved in the afternoon, was one of the most busy fishing and praying. Soldiers fought well, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. A veteran of twelve years and a convert of five months had a dance together. Finished at 11:30. Monday night, League of Mercy meeting. Great sympathy shown. Seven of yesterday's captures came, some of whom were on the march. Ensign and Mrs. Wakefield and Capt. Bentley, the essence of kindness. God bless Woodstock!

Staff-Captain reports a good time at SIMCOE, with one soul on the same date. Next day he drove with Adj't. Myles to Tilsonburg; various adventures on the way. Plenty of mud, but arrived safely. Had a good crowd. Adj't. Myles surpassed himself. This corps is marching on.

Tuesday, united meeting at NORWICH. Still mud on every side, and our overcoats too. Capt. Heater had a nice Soldiers' Tea provided, and in the meeting which followed, we believe work for eternity was done.

TWO WRECKS.

By M. A. GRAY.

WE were on the steamship "Yarmouth," bound for Boston. We had retired to our rooms on that evening in the pleasant anticipation of being in Boston before the next noon. It was very foggy, but relying on the strong ship, commanded by experienced officers, we all lay down to sleep without fear. We were making good time, having scored eighteen knots an hour during the first few of our voyage.

At 1:30 a.m., the stopping of the "Yarmouth" awakened the whole ship's company. Something had gone wrong. We felt it even before we found that we had run down a schooner, the "Mayflower," cutting her to pieces and sinking her instantly. There were but four men on board. So sudden had been the collision that only two of the fishermen that were on watch on the "Mayflower" escaped. They clung to the rigging of the sunken schooner until carried by the tide. One man who could not swim was swept a considerable distance from the scene of the wreck before he could be reached. His agonizing cries for help coming to us over the water were heart-rending. Minutes seemed hours. The darkness and fog hid everything, but the strong arms of the "Yarmouth's" sturdy seamen did not fail. "Cheer up lad, we're coming! Keep up a little longer, lad, we're near you," came from the lips of the boatswain. At last the cries ceased. A dead silence prevailed. Was he saved? In a few minutes the lifeboat was hoisted on deck and the hearts rejoiced to see the two men wrapped in oil skins.

The "Yarmouth" reached Lewis Wharf, Pier 1, Boston before noon that same day. The passengers passed the



SERGT.-MAJOR MITCHELL.
Cobourg, Ont.

best care and the best cabin was given to them. Everyone expressed their sympathy with them. But how many are willing to do one half as much for the spiritual wreckage of our cities?

Wanted, more saviours of the sinking.

[For Ought-to-be Candidates.]

God's Dealings with Me.

In my past experience I have proved that there was a lot of work to be done for God, but there are a very few who are willing to do this work. The reason is that they let the cares of the world trouble them; they do everything else with great care, but they leave the Lord's work, which is so important, undone. Oh, for more faithful followers of God. For four years and a half of my experience in the S. A. warfare as a soldier, I felt the great need of living holy. I knew that to live holy meant to obey God in all things; it was my greatest desire to work for God, because He had done so much for me. Often I felt the call from God to work for Him in the Field, but I let home duties keep me back.

Just at the time I intended to volunteer for the Army work my mother took seriously ill. For a while I thought she would recover, but the disease grew worse and my whole time was occupied in nursing my dear mother; she seemed to get worse and I thought that God wanted me at home. For nine long months my mother was laid aside, then the chariot lowered and she went home to be with Jesus. Her last words to me were, to be a good girl and take care of home and always be a blessing to my father and two younger brothers. I promised that. But God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. As time passed I still felt the Lord leading me, but I had no joy in my soul until I was willing to follow God all lengths. God tried my love to Him by revealing things to me that I should do for Him. For quite a time I was troubled as to whether it was the Lord or not calling me. I remember one night particularly when on retiring to rest, I asked the Lord to help me to understand. God there and then revealed to me that I was marking out my own pathway, and as clear as it could possibly be, the Lord spoke to me, saying, "He that knoweth My Father's will and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes," and if I continued to follow my own path in the end my soul would be lost eternally. I made up my mind to follow God, cost me what it would. In the fifth year of my soldiership I entered the Training Garrison as Cadet. The Lord wonderfully helped me. After five months and a half I was promoted Lieutenant and sent with Capt. Campbell to take charge of Bonavista corps. I can praise God for victory all along the way.—Azalia J. Bethune, Nfld.



This is a map of the world, and shows you the places where the S. A. is organized in shaded parts; but there is no country which is going to beat the Toronto Christmas Cry. Don't you make a mistake and forget to tell the Captain that you must have one. It is going to be a treat.

S.-D. seemed safe around these parts. Everybody is confident of victory.

The Cashier spent a recent week-end at STRATHROY. Lectured on "Life in London, the Great Metropolis." Good crowds. Collections doubled. Officers inspired.

The Major is away on a trip through the northern part of the Province; expect to have greater victories to report when he returns.

First Steps.

The old home kitchen made an excellent rehearsal room, the two elder sisters the most adroit of stage directors, while mother occupied the "crown box," as chief and only spectator.

But no debutante ever had a more appreciative audience for her first performance. To-day was a day long looked forward to. Often the little sisters had wondered as they caressed those morsels of pink feet, how long it would be before they could stand. And mother had smothered something very like a sigh as she smiled on the crowning baby's growth. "He'll soon be running round now," she mused, "and won't want to be called 'Mother's baby' much longer."

But now hopes and fears were forgotten in the proud joy of that hour when supported by his sisters' tender hands her little son trod the floor towards her. What mattered it that his steps were so uneven that their patter hardly sounded like a foot-fall at all. It was his very first trial, and both mother and sisters were quite sure that no baby ever did so well in so short a time.

Baby got tired at last. His unsteady steps trembled despite his wary guides

is such a lowly one that only the spirit of a little child can enter, the new-born soul is not exempt from a spiritual infancy. No matter what his age or other capacities, a convert must be reckoned against the beginners in the life spiritual, and he will have to take his first steps in salvation. A man can no more jump into a spiritual athlete than he can turn a somersault from his cradle.

So well known that it seems almost like a truism to name it, but none the less undeniable is the fact that first steps are necessarily feeble. That child in the picture, with his two sister supporters and swaying form is no exception. To dispense with props during our first footsteps would have been to put off the possibility of standing alone to an uncertain future. The full story of our early exploits in the Equestrian Art we shall never know. For the tender shield of mother love never satisfies the curiosity of the mimic by what would so sorely wound our maturing dignity. She silences all queries or criticism with the conclusive remark, "He was only a baby, you know."

How much such lawful excuse might do for many a new treader upon Heaven's Highway? The first footprints of a soul in grace cannot be without a tremble. They will make mistakes—some more than others, for some of the cleverest heads on earth are dullest at celestial understanding—but some mis-

Second, she has patience with them. Someone had patience with you. Have you forgotten that you yourself once understood "only as a child?" You make blunders as big as any you are tempted to condemn in others. Fretting and fuming over a convert's frailties places your own religion at a discount in their eyes and threatens to snuff out theirs.

Third, she helps them. When the hills of difficulty come, will you be at hand to help them climb? When the stream of sorrow has to be forded, will you be by their side to help them find the stepping stone? When the faltering feet altogether fall and fall, will your strong arm be ready to lift them up and cheer them on. Oh, spare no pains if you would confirm the wavering feet and strengthen the feeble knees. For mother love is only earth's reflection of a Heavenly, and forget not that do you fall to help, but instead offering such, One has said that a millstone round the neck and a watery grave were better than the hinderer's reward.

A. L. P.

If you will borrow his spy glass from the old persecuted hero who wrote the Epistle to the Romans, you will discover this glorious signal in the upper sky—"All things work together for good to them that love God."

TO CHEER THE KLONDIKERS.

After receiving a letter full of glowing reports from the officers of the Klondike Contingent, the Field Commissioner recently sent the following communication to be read to our soldiers and converts at Dawson City:

My Dear Soldiers and Friends,—

As I sit down to write you, I realize something of the great distance you are from me—the thousands of miles which stretch between us—yet at the same time I realize that by virtue of the Blood of Jesus, which covers all difference and sweeps all space, and which has touched our hearts and cleansed mine, we are united; that our spirits meet and our purpose is made one under the wave of our worldwide Flag.

I cannot express to you here with what joy my heart has bounded on receiving the report of your ingathering. Your salvation is the answer to thousands of BURNING PRAYERS. The officers who made their way through peril and hardship to your ice-bound city, were commissioned for the sole object to bear you tidings of Saving Grace—hence the knowledge of your pardoned past, and your new-found joy in God has been the granting of some of the strongest desires my heart has ever held.

Here and now I send you the heartiest welcome into the family of this great organization, which forms an unbreakable chain encircling the world, and would ask you to remember and rely upon the prayers and sympathy of not only myself—(your leader for the time being)—but of your tens of thousands of comrades who also love you.

My dear children in the Gospel, I would bid you to "hold fast that which is good." As yet you are young in the faith; the devil will lay many snares to trap your feet, and to destroy your trust, and to rob your peace. You will need to watch and to pray. Keep your eye upon Jesus. Seek to follow His example. Be mindful that love of self and the world does not creep into your heart and divide your affection for your Lord. You must cast aside all these things which would hinder your spiritual growth, and seek after holy living.

STAND TOGETHER! Love each other. Let nothing hurt or spoil your brotherly and sisterly affections and confidence. Remember "unity is strength," and it is impossible to tell how far-reaching will be your influence for good, while you remain heart to heart and shoulder to shoulder.

STAND BY YOUR OFFICERS! By their continual writings of you, I know they are living only for your blessing and for the salvation of your brothers. Let them guide you, advise you, and serve you as I know they are well able and want to do.

STAND BY THE FLAG! Take an active part in the fight! Be ready and quick to do any little or big thing you can to help win the Klondike for Jesus.

And, my dear comrades, you may think of me—although unknown to you personally—as continually remembering you with love in my prayers—as relying upon you for faithfulness in serving and furthering the Kingdom of God.

Your affectionate leader in this holy war,

Evangelical Body



THE FIRST STEP.

and bye-and-bye a sudden tumble landed him full length on the floor at his mother's feet. He had fallen in a good place. The next minute he is folded tight in her arms. There we will leave him—poor little mortified mite, as yet scarce comforted by her repeated assurance that "he is mother's own brave boy, and shall try again tomorrow."

First steps—we all have to take them. There is something peculiarly attractive in a buoyant ringing footstep. Who has not met with some possessing just such a tread. It has always invariably gone to speak of a steadfast and uncompromising character, for shuffling and uncertain feet are, as a rule, the property of shuffling and uncertain people. How impossible it seems to trace in that many tread the patter of its first footsteps. Yet the firmest had to commence with a falter. For there is no more a royal road to walking than to any later achievement. The steadiest and firmest have had their tumbles and tumbles on some nursery floor. They have all had to tread their first steps.

As we look upon them as a matter of course in our physical up-bringing, we should learn to expect them in the growth of the soul. When dealing with some halting sinner, I have frequently found it a means of forcible persuasion to point them to some standing saints of God, and pillar in their corps or community, remarking that all such had to have a beginning. For since the door into the Kingdom of Heaven

takes will be sure to be made by all. Errors in judgment—the convert will make such. How can the brain balanced so recently by worldly wisdom, reach its equilibrium without a tremor?

But far more numerous will be the falls resulting from moments of discouragement. The selected armies of Satanic suggestion affright a convert soul, and as he battles on with dreary scarcity of conscious conquest, he will often hesitate—sometimes fall.

Never allow these inevitable falterings unpin your faith in anybody. A moment's reasoning with your own heart, let alone the arguments of compassion will give you to look on them wisely. Remember the convert's weakness—none of his former strength can aid him now. Remember his ignorance—his eyes struggling with religion's A B C. Remember his solitariness—old companions cast behind him, new ones scarcely made. Remember the numberless scourges of his discouragements, and make no marvel of his falls.

Deal with the first steps of a soul as the mother deals with her baby's.

First, she makes much of them. Don't belittle the beginnings of a soul. Better though the feet are slow and almost stupid in their blindness that they tread the ways of Grace, than run the roads of iniquity. They will not remain so, and their infinite importance lies in the fact that they may lead to almost any path of blessing and usefulness.

Brigadier Gaskin's Visit—Half-Night of Prayer—Seven Seekers.

HAMILTON I.—

Wednesday night Brigadier Gaskin was at the above corps. The open-air was not very largely attended, but inside the lower hall was well filled. A right down, Blood-and-Fire, hearty, happy meeting we had. Ensign Green and Captain Smith spoke. The Brigadier wound up with a straight salvation talk, and although we tried hard in the prayer meeting to get some soul to yield, we had to close at 9:50 without visible results.

At 10:15 the Brigadier began the half-night of prayer. Sixty-five gathered, bent on getting a blessing.

The Brigadier's opening remarks were practical and helpful, then followed fervent, believing prayer. Several spoke, and then the Brigadier gave an address on, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

We closed at 12:55, rejoicing over seven souls at the mercy seat, three for pardon, and four for purity. Each testifying to what God had done for their souls.—Observer.

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from MAJOR SWEETON, Corner

Weekly Watchword:

Triumph in Temptation

As smitten, and yet not forsaken,
"Not destroyed," though often "cast down."
As "truthful," yet counted "deceivers,"
Our God will our characters crown.

SUNDAY.—THE PRICELESS VALUE OF TRIAL.

I Peter 1. 5-7.

Temptation, like many other very beneficial medicines for the health of the soul, is not pleasant. Yet the Bible tells us to rejoice under its stern ministrations. Sore temptation is very often the sign of God's trust in a soul. To prove the loyalty of our vows, the strength of our consecration, and the reality of our love, God must put our faith to the test. The refining of His chosen saints by this means He regards as more precious than the purifying of gold.

MONDAY.—TEMPTATION NO REASON FOR DOUBT.

I Peter iv. 12-14.

"Think it not strange," in other words, don't make a mystery of the temptations which assail you. Temptation comes to no soul by chance. If for no other reason it were necessary to unite us in closer fellowship with Christ. The sharper seasons of temptation will increase our dependence upon God, lessening our confidence in our own unaided power. But to the follower of Christ sufficient reason for all temptation is given in that it makes us "partakers of His sufferings."

TUESDAY.—THE USES OF TEMPTATION.

Zecariah xiii. 9.

Earth's two most precious metals are of no service to man until melted in the heat of fierce flames, and purified again and again by the same fiery process. The hearts of mankind reflect clearest the image of God, and can best be stamped with the seal of service when they have been reduced and refined by the fires of temptation, and in the crucible of distressing trial. Suffering and sore temptation burn blazes around the soul which consume superficiality and self, and nature's new and sensitive through and upon which God can work His will.

WEDNESDAY.—NO NEED TO YIELD.

I Corinthians x. 13.

There is no excuse for going down under temptation—no matter how subtle and strong it may be. "God is faithful." He does not promise deliverance to tantalize. Although the billows of temptation seem sometimes as if they must overwhelm, remember God has said, "thus far and no further." Before the trial becomes greater than we are able to bear, and bear bravely, He will have brought the soul into calmer waters.

THURSDAY.—A WAY OUT OF ALL TEMPTATION.

Hebrews ii. 18.

Although until within the Pearly Gates it is outside God's will for us for temptations to disappear, He can and does give sufficient grace for us to withstand those most fiery darts of our soul's enemy. The remembrance of that wondrous scene in the wilderness gives the soul courage with the thought that He can enter into their struggles and lonelinesses, at the same time giving assurances that the power which conquered the devil then can help them to conquer him anew.

FRIDAY.—SUPREME TEMPTATION.

Matthew iv. 1-11.

These verses claim thoughtful, concentrated and reverential reading. The temptation of Christ is replete with lessons for His tempted disciples in every age. First, because this proves to us how wonderfully Divinity embraced humanity for how redemption in that Christ was not exempt from an assault of the devil. Second, because it is an object-lesson of the devil's time of attack, viz., when we are at our weakest, and his all round weapons approaching us on spiritual and temporal grounds. Third, because it gives the one effectual way of dealing with temptation, viz., according to God's word and without argument.

SATURDAY.—THE REWARD OF THE TEMPTED.

James i. 12.

man whose path is hedged in and way beset with fierce temptations; but the Bible says that man is blessed who endures them. The greater the trial—the greater the triumph; the stronger the invitation to do evil, the more exalted the persistence in well-doing. Such faithfulness God has pledged His word to recognize and reward. The unfading crown of life is fit guerdon for the toils of earth and ample compensation for the strain and struggle of all temptations.

As smitten, yet not forsaken,

together by ropes; but one of the guides lost his footing, and they

All Slipped Down the Precipice;

but one stronger than the rest stuck

his heels into the ice and stopped; but

the rope broke and the rest went down

hundreds and thousands of feet to

death.

So we see whole families bound together by the ties of affection, often walking on dangerous places of worldliness and sin. Oh, there is such a thing as stopping in time to save ourselves, but not save others. How many parents see their mistakes in the way they have led their families when too late.

How many Christians may be said to commit this sin. How many opportunities of usefulness have you lost? You let that one pass of telling of Jesus, the mighty to save, to that friend when his heart was tender after laying a loved one under the sod. You lost that opportunity of testifying in that meeting. Try to recover those lost opportunities, you cannot find them; you may hunt for time, you

Cannot Fish Them Out

of the sea of eternity with a deep sea line. There are wrongs and sins which cannot be corrected. The lightnings have not such swift feet as our privileges when they are gone. Let an opportunity of salvation go by an inch—the hundredth part of an inch, the thousandth part of an inch, nay, the millionth part of an inch—and no man can overtake it. The eternal God Himself cannot catch it.

You have a more glorious birthright than Esau possessed. But sell it once and it is gone forever. The world wants to buy it. Listen to these brilliant offers and it is gone. But Jesus stands and stretches out those everlasting arms of love and cries: "Come unto Me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

My mistakes His free grace will cover,
My sins He will wash away,
And the feet that now shrink and falter,
Shall walk through the gates of day.

Listen to the Alarm.

By CAPT. L. PENNY.

The other morning whilst busily engaged with a few domestic duties we were startled by the loud ring of the fire bell. Rushing to the window and looking towards the engine house, which is quite near the barracks, we observed that the firemen had already arrived, and in less time than it takes me to write this, they had the engine, hose-reel, ladders, etc., all ready and were proceeding with all speed to the scene of the conflagration. As I watched them I could not help but note the promptness with which those brave firemen responded to the call of duty. There was no waiting; no loitering, no indifference displayed. No man waiting till this was finished, or that was completed, or something else done. No, everyone of those firemen were in earnest and meant business—to wait might involve loss of life—to linger might mean the loss of thousands of dollars, or the destruction of the whole town.

I have since thought if these firemen exhibited such a spirit of earnestness in saving a building from the devouring element, oh, how much more in earnest we should be, as

God's Fire Brigade

to rescue souls from the flames of hell and everlasting-burning. Let us stir ourselves up.

Soldiers, to your post of duty! Don't let your friends, business or work of any kind make you desert your post, but in the name of our Great Captain blow the trumpet, sound the alarm, harness the horses, flourish the spears and come up to the battle.

Helps for J. S. Workers.

The Nobleman of Capernaum.

John iv. 43-54.

The meeting with the woman at the well, which is the subject of the previous part of this chapter, is followed by Jesus returning to Galilee, not to Nazareth, for they had rejected Him, but there were other places where they received Him gladly, therefore He went to these places. What he had done in Jerusalem had been seen by some of these Galileans, and they received Him because of this.

Jesus Revisits Cana.—It was here where He had performed His first miracle, and although no distinct reason is given for this return visit, Christ had a purpose in view and lessons to teach which should be of profit to those who dwelt there.

The Nobleman.—He was one of the household of Herod, the Tetrach, and occupied an important position there. His surroundings were not calculated to help him Godward, but even he in time of sorrow thinks of Jesus and turns to Him for help.

HE Went to Jesus.—This was the very best thing to do. In his distress he makes up his mind that he will appeal to Jesus. His petition was that Christ "would come down and heal his son, for he was at the point of death." Note here the tender affection this nobleman had for his son. He was also sincere in his belief that Jesus was able to heal his son. Yet, on the other hand, his faith was weak in that he wanted Jesus to go with him to his home and heal his boy there.

Gently Rebuked.—Jesus said, "Except ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe." His belief in Jesus was based on the miracles and mighty things that had been seen, and even then there were many who did not believe. How different to the Samaritans! When they heard what Jesus had to say they were convinced that He was the Messiah, and accepted Him (see verses 41, 42).

Jesus wanted to help him, and the man is not to be repulsed by what Jesus said, but again presses Him to come ere the child died.

A Lesson of Faith.—He had faith, but it needs strengthening. Jesus sees this, and now the opportunity has come for the lesson to be learnt. He must have Christ to come down, but it was just as easy for Christ to heal his son there, although twenty miles off, as it would have been if He had gone down to Capernaum.

"Thy Son Liveth."—The man believed His word and went his way. His child suddenly recovered, and at the moment Jesus spoke the word his faith triumphed, for he was in no hurry to return home. He waited until next day, and when met by his servants with the joyful news of the son's recovery, he asked them what time the boy began to get better!

His Faith Confirmed.—The cure was instant, for the time is distinctly given when this was done, and it agrees with the time when Jesus said, "Thy son liveth." This miracle was a double one—on the body of the absent child; on the heart of the present father. One cured of his sickness, the other of his unbelief.

The Immediate Results were the salvation of the nobleman and his whole house. Our greatest sorrow may prove to be our greatest blessing in leading us to God. Thus it was in this case. Christ was accepted as the Messiah who was promised, and through the sickness of the child a wonderful change is wrought. God uses various means in order to draw men and women to Himself. Sometimes He has to take away those we love.

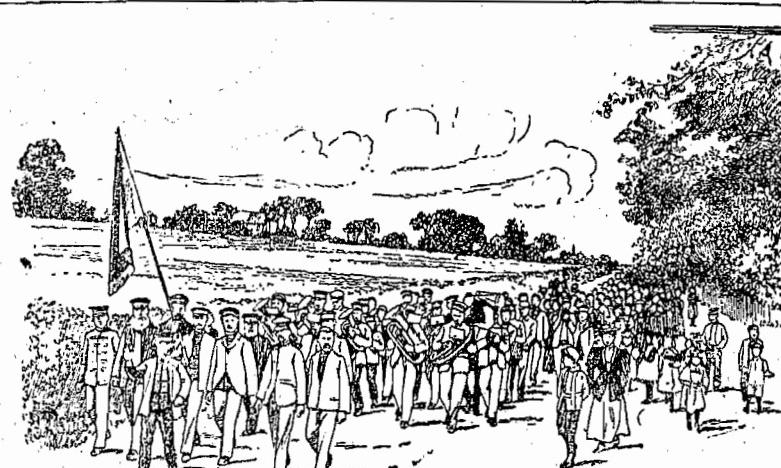
Remember, that He who healed the sick is also the Saviour of the soul, and waits to be the Saviour of all who come unto God by Him. There is no other way. The first miracle at Cana turned water into wine, the second miracle healed a sick child, although the child was at Capernaum.

QUESTIONS.

- Who went to see Jesus?
- What did he want?
- Did Jesus heal the child?
- What hour of the day was this done?
- How many miracles had Jesus wrought in Cana?
- Describe them?

MEMORY TEXT.

"Thy son liveth."



Love never wrongs us. Love never robs us; never tortures us; never lays on us a needless load. The wondrous LOVE that "spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all."

A BIG EVENT.

Colonel Jacobs Opens the New Barracks at St. Thomas.

At last the new barracks at St. Thomas is an accomplished fact. Not in any crude sense, either. Many prominent citizens have declared it to be, not only a credit to the movement, but a monument to the city. While we accept this generous verdict, we rejoice in the realization that neither economy or convenience has been sacrificed to make it such.

Thursday, Nov. 27th, found our beloved Chief Secretary—Colonel Jacobs—Major Southall, the London Band, and officers and soldiers from London and Woodstock, at the depot, ready for the 6.50 p.m. train. The car was nearly filled with salvationists. We admired the "eye to business" of the bandsmen who solicited donations for S. D., and were well rewarded for the effort.

St. Thomas streets echoed with salvation music, as the London Band poured forth harmonious strains to the delight of the citizens. Reaching the new edifice, we were struck by its imposing appearance from without, and its bright, well-finished interior. The opening song was sung heartily—a good omen—as it usually betokens a hearty audience. The subsequent response of over \$60.00, in "V's," one dollars, half-dollars, etc., attesting pretty strongly to the fact.

The Colonel's remarks concerning the building—its principal features, and those of Army buildings in general—was interesting. His remarks too, as to the value of a

Centralization of Finance

—without which it would have been impossible to have built this building, and many others—gave us a little insight into a phase of Army administration and government not often thought of. This idea of centralization of finance was heartily endorsed later by Principal Warner, of Alma College. Revs. McIntyre and Drummond were also present, and warmly expressed their congratulations, and gave their best wishes.

The following extract, from the St. Thomas paper, which is always courteous to the Salvation Army, and gave a much longer report of the opening, gives a concise idea of the building, of which we hope to give a photo later on:—

"For three years past the members of the Salvation Army have been camping out. Though not always under canvas, they have been without barrack accommodation. That want has now been supplied by the erection of a substantial and handsome building affording every accommodation. Mr. Neil Darrach, the architect, has produced a building, which not only presents a pleasing appearance, but is so designed as to serve every want of the Army in the way of barrack accommodation.

"The building is of brick, the front portion being of hard finished Toronto red brick. It is 48x64 feet, and the front section, which is 48x24 feet, is two stories high. The auditorium will seat about 300. In the front portion of the building are dining-room and kitchen, a private room, and also a room 20x20 feet, in which small meetings can be held. Sliding doors permit of this room being thrown into the auditorium, thus increasing its seating capacity. The auditorium is in the rear portion of the building. On the second story are officers' quarters, consisting of four bedrooms, sitting-room, etc. At the rear of the auditorium, at the sides of the platform, are band and soldiers' rooms."

Sunday's Meetings.

We were pleased to have the Colonel for the first week-end. The meetings were heartily enjoyed, and will not soon be forgotten. The Colonel's address on Sunday morning was intensely practical, and heart-searching. Two men accepted the revelations of the Spirit, and came forward in evidence of following the light given.

The afternoon was an old-fashioned free-and-easy. Testimonies were live and practical, and meeting full of buoyancy, brought to a fine finish by the dedication of Captain and Mrs. Payton's baby, and the Colonel's address.

At night the building was filled with a splendid audience. (The charm of the folding-door arrangement was seen to advantage, in the demand made for extra space). After the usual preliminaries, the Colonel launched into a searching and practical address upon the "lost piece of silver." The audience drank in the truth, and the working of the Spirit was evident. Major Southall followed with a few words as to the "cause" of that "effect" in which

a soul in this enlightened and privileged city found themselves in the position of that significant and awful word

"Lost."

Conviction everywhere—but what resistance, what rejection—it was terrible. After a tough battle, three prisoners were captured, and the first Sabbath closed amid the rejoicings of saints in heaven, and God's warriors in the St. Thomas corps, over the blessed seal He had been pleased to give of His presence with His people, and His pleasure of their sanctified energies. Well done, St. Thomas, go ahead, there are greater things in store.

Bricks.

Captain Locke and Captain Freeman are worthy of special mention for the splendid result of their efforts in superintending the erection of the building.

St. Thomas Band is coming on splendidly, and prospects are good for further improvement.

War Cry Sergeant-Major Martin was rushing the "Crys" in spite of the rain Saturday afternoon. She's no parade round soldier.

The London Band will hold its own for hard work and ready cheerfulness when called upon for some extra effort with any I have ever seen. No mug-wumping, or "stated" nights or times for turning out to assist the corps.

His Worship, Mayor Wright, and Mrs. Wright, together with a number of other prominent citizens, were attentive listeners at the Sunday night meeting.

God bless the gentleman who "couldn't come," but sent a \$10.00 cheque. That's the kind of an apology to send. Total receipts at the opening was close on \$100.00

Great credit is due to the soldiers and everyone who took part in the erection.

The meetings were immensely enjoyed, and the Colonel will have a hearty welcome if he should make another visit to this corps. Come soon, Colonel.

* * * * *
ings," other pens having undertaken to tell more particularly of the blessed soul-saving meetings God has given us.

It was 8:20 a.m. when our train steamed into the depot at Port Arthur, where awaited Capt. Wilkins, an old Brandon T. G. boy, to welcome us. It was 2:08 the next morning when we boaded the train to go further west. My eyes felt as though they were filled with sawdust during the whole of the next two days.

It does one good to hear of the many who have got blest, reformed, elevated, saved through the instrumentality of the S. A. in Port Arthur, particularly when such cases are considered as

(1) The old gentleman who is now 78 years of age, and who for 73 of those had lived in the greatest wickedness and sin, or

(2) The man who, when in the depths of vice and drunkenness, got his limbs so badly frozen that he lost the use of them. Both these men are now living a life well-pleasing to God.

Adjt. Gale was at Rat Portage depot to receive us, to show us the sights, and tell us of the resource surroundings of that lovely spot in the Rainy River District. If the inhabitants of R. P. will exercise similar diligence and trouble in testing the merits of the grand old "Rock of Ages," and the exploring of the mine of salvation as they are exercising to blast the rocks in the street, and prove the capacity of the gold and other mines in that vicinity, they will become, of a truth, possessed of that wealth which thieves cannot steal.

But here we are at dear old Winnipeg—the place where so many battles had been fought and won in days gone by. Major McMillan, Staff-Capts. Gage and Galt and their associate comrades had evidently made up their minds the writer should be made feel at home. It pleased God to give us some very beautiful and blessed times here, with 23 seekers at His dear feet. Particularly did He use the Monday and Wednesday night meetings, as also the officers' council on Wednesday afternoon, in conveying blessing, strength and help to those present. Praise His name! The longer we went on the better it got. Would that we could have continued the campaign for two or three weeks more.

Adjt. Cass has got firmly hold of the Shelter at Winnipeg, and in the meetings held in the dining room of that institution, is getting some good cases of conversion, if Bro. Thompson may be taken as an example. Thompson, intelligent, educated, well-dressed as he now is, himself declares that when he entered the Shelter, he was one of the most drunken and reprobate of characters—away down in the cesspool of iniquity, worthless, and well-nigh in despair—notwithstanding the fact that to him had been given all the advantage of having past through the Edinburgh University with honors, and successfully conducted his profession as lawyer in years gone by, till lowered by the demon drink.

The wood yard, too, is doing a very good business, and together with the limit affords considerable opportunity of reaching and helping others in a similar position to T. God prosper the efforts put forth.

The Rescue Home also is meeting a need in another direction. It is well arranged and well conducted, under the able direction of Mrs. Major Jewer, who is seeing considerable success in that branch.

Poor Capt. Storey! She is laid aside entirely now, and is suffering acute and almost constant pain. Recent developments of her disease do not present the most favorable prospects. Will you pray for her?

It seemed as though we were not to get to Portage la Prairie at all. Our first arrangement contemplated reaching there before noon, but pressing business in Winnipeg dictated postponement for the train arriving at 7:30 p.m. That train broke down, and we could not therefore get to the meeting till 9:30. The dear Lord came especially to our help, however, when we did get there, and gave us a rattling good time.

I liked the deliberation with which the sister who led the way to the Mercy Seat, went about it. She spontaneously carried her little girl and deposited her in the arms of her lady friend, sitting in another part of the hall, then made straight for the penitent form and began to pray. Her brother followed her, and his wife quickly followed him. Three others came close after, to the joy of all present. What a wind-up we had to be sure! It was good to be there, and certainly we proved the truth of the old adage, "Better late than never."

* * * * *
Some idea of the loyal and self-denying spirit of our Western soldiers may be gathered from this fact. One whose duties compel his absence from the corps, to a distance of close on 40 miles, after working late on Saturday night drove in and took what he could of the Sundays meetings, arriving back in time to commence the running of his threshing gang at 7 o'clock Monday morning. Notwithstanding his arduous toil from early till late, he undertook to raise \$50 for S.-D. Last year, when this man was more favorably circumstanced, he did \$130. It was PURELY in the interests of S.-D. that now he had chosen to travel close on 100 miles, and walk six of that. God bless Joe.

One of the five who knelt at the Cross to sue for salvation, in our Brandon meetings, when expressing his pleasurable surprise at having got saved, exclaimed, "I wouldn't have taken the whole of Brandon to have knelt at the penitent form when I first came into the meeting." He had a perfect horror of it, but grace conquered.

* * * * *
In the Sunday morning meeting at Brandon, we had been likening the sins of God's people to the army of Ammonites, who must either be destroyed by Israel, or they would be the destroyers. So with the sins. One brother took the hint, and having come and claimed the blessing, testified. The T. S. asked, "Are the Ammonites slain, my brother?" "Yes, praise God!" was the reply. "Then," said the T. S., "bury them." "I would," said the brother, "but do they do undertaking on the Sabbath, Colonel?" More anon.—J. E. M.



The Women's Social Secretary Leads S.-D. Sunday at Barrie.

The visit of Brigadier Mrs. Read to Barrie, on Self-Denial Sunday, was a remarkable success. The meetings were in every sense above the mark. The chief interest centred around the afternoon's service. Invitations had been sent around to many leading citizens, and it was remarked that a large crowd of people who had never been at the Army before were present.

The Rev. D. D. McLeod, of the Presbyterian Church, a warm friend of the Army, who reads the War Cry and All the World regularly, took the chair. His remarks were eulogistic of the Army, especially of the Rescue work. He expressed himself as a sincere admirer of our work.

Mrs. Read gave a splendid Social address. The audience was thoroughly appreciative, and listened with deepest interest. The hall was crowded, and a collection of over \$11 was taken. The Rev. M. L. Pearson, of the Methodist Church, added a tribute to the Army's work, and asked for the collection.

At night the hall was again full, and the League of Mercy organized. Secretary Lane and Sister Dyer will work well and willingly in Barrie.

Mrs. Read was much interested in little Harry Cavena, who was converted through Brigadier Read, and at his memorial some time ago, said he would grow up and take the Brigadier's place in the fight. The collections were high, and altogether the visit was one to be remembered by all. God bless the Rescue Work.—Barrie.



GENERAL ORDER.

It is imperative that the following regulation respecting Junior War be carried out:—

(1) Officers in charge of corps must attend the Sunday afternoon Company Meeting alternatively, thus practically sharing the responsibility of the advance of this important branch, as well as manifesting personal interest in the same.

(2) In connection with the Christmas Tree Demonstrations, a special effort must be made in every corps to raise sufficient money to purchase Manuals for the coming year.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

GAZETTE.

Appointment:—

Adjutant Dodd, late of the Farm, to the Spokane Shelter.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



The Field Commissioner.

The week-end meetings, conducted by Miss Booth in Buffalo, the Divisional Headquarters of our old comrade Major McIntyre, were a phenomenal success, as will be seen by the excellent report of Brigadier Compton on page nine.

The health of our beloved Commissioner is not entirely satisfactory, and her present campaign in the Eastern Province will doubtless be a considerable tax on her strength. We are sure that our comrades all round the Territory will pray daily that physical and spiritual strength may be given her; for the fervent prayer will accomplish what physicians fail to explain.

The Chief Secretary.

Ere this issue reaches our readers Colonel Jacobs will have commenced his Bermuda Campaign. While we all rejoice over his evident activity during the recent months, yet the strain of real hard work began to tell somewhat, and a change from the enervating grind of office routine, with some real, red-hot salvation meetings thrown in, will doubtless greatly help to strengthen the Colonel's constitution, refresh his mind and spirit, as well as bless our Bermuda comrades. Let us pray for the Colonel and the success of his Campaign.

Thanks.

The Editorial Department most gratefully acknowledges the large response to the request for contributions for the Christmas War Cry. Many excellent MSS. have been received from Staff and Field Officers, and also in a few cases from soldiers. We are selecting the most suitable contributions. Some very good articles we are obliged to hold over, as we have several of the same kind. Whether your "piece" appears in the Christmas Cry or not, accept our sincere thanks and try again.

The Chief-of-the-Staff's day with young people at Clapton was productive of much practical result. He is

Reflections

By

THE GENERAL.



teresting commodity—or, perhaps I should say the promise of the golden shower that is to follow.

The sender proposes that I should have his golden grains made into a pen. An officer here has suggested that it would serve better for an eyeglass. But any decision as to the ultimate disposal of "the dust" can be postponed. Meanwhile I have had it carefully sealed up in a small phial, and my present intention is to send it to the coming Salvation Army Exhibition, and to invite Gold Miners, or any others who may be possessed of the valuable material, whether employed in or about the mines, or anywhere else to send their consignments along to take their place alongside this first parcel from Klondike; and, after gratifying curiosity at the Exhibition, we will use the precious metal in seeking the salvation of the lost in some shape or form. Comrades and friends, send it along.

How It CAN be Done.

1. Pray for me more believably. What a powerful illustration that is of the power of sympathy and prayer in the case of Moses at the Battle of Rephidim!—

Then came Amalek, and fought with Israel in Rephidim. And Moses said unto Joshua, Choose you out men and go out, and fight with Amalek; tomorrow I will stand upon the top of the hill with the rod of God in my hand.

So Joshua did as Moses said to him, and fought with Amalek; and Moses, Aaron and Hur went up to the top of the hill. And it came to pass when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed; and when he let down his hand Amalek prevailed.

But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side, and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun. And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword.—Exodus 18-13.

2. Strive to secure the attendance of the class of people at my meetings whom I am anxious to get into the Kingdom. That makes my work easier.

3. Help me in the meetings by prayer, and faith and song, and fishing, and in guiding the people right into the Kingdom.

4. Help me, after the meetings, by hunting out the wounded, pushing the ordinary services, caring for the new converts. The tidings of soldiers added to our ranks is as water to a thirsty soul.

5. Roll the Old Chariot along, all around the world! When it is well with the Army it is well with the General!

Thanksgiving Eve at Hamilton I.

(Special.)

Brigadier Gaskin arrived 4:25 p.m., inspected District and Corps books, performed the wedding ceremony of two of our comrades—Bro. Wm. Cliff and Sister Armes—at 7 p.m., and fired some red-hot shot in the enemy's ranks at the open-air half an hour later.

At 8 o'clock he was on the platform leading a stirring salvation meeting, which was followed at 10 p.m. by a half-night of prayer. Between 60 and 70 were present at the half-night, which proved to be a very helpful one, and none regretted the sacrifice of sleep.

The Bible talk was a searcher, and at the close three came out for salvation, and four for the blessing of a clean heart. The Brigadier left the following morning, but his short, busy visit was a blessing and cheer to us all, and it will be seen from the above that the way he spent his time was quite in keeping with the spirit and letter of Self-Denial Week.—L. E. T.

WINNIPEG.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts' meetings times of power and blessing. Sinners saved, officers and soldiers blessed and strengthened.

At present we are in the thick of Self-Denial, and will, in God's strength, reach our target.

Commissioner Dowdle has been appointed Chaplain to International Headquarters.

The Annual Report of the Women's Social Work is being written by Commissioner Railton.

The British J. S. Annual was from Nov. 20th to 27th.

Penge Young People's Legion was launched on Monday last. Among the Instructors are a Major, two Staff-Captains, an Adjutant and three Captains, all employed either at International Headquarters or in the Assurance Department.

Corps Cadets are booming. No less than fifty-four cases were presented to the British Commissioner for acceptance this week by the J. S. Department.

The Shetland Islands are showing more hopeful spiritual signs than for many years past. Arrangements are being made to open up the more scattered parts. One lady has promised land for building purposes; another has presented the officers with a pony on which to visit.



Commissioner and Mrs. Ridsdel have returned to Territorial Headquarters after their successful tour.

Brigadier Ranch has been much out of health lately, but is reported as now gaining strength.

A Candidates' Sunday was fixed for Nov. 13th.

One of the latest Cape Town events was the Trade Department's Annual Sale, opened by the Commissioner in the Citadel.

The Bloemfontein barracks was anticipating completion before the end of November, when it was to be dedicated by Mrs. Commissioner Ridsdel.



The General has presided important and blessed meetings in Amsterdam. 77 precious souls looked for peace and pardon at the foot of the Cross.

At Ojroningue and Nymegue the visit of our beloved General has been but a continual succession of sympathetic manifestations, although the majority of the populations are Catholic. The afternoon meetings were attended by the whole higher nobility.

At Rotterdam the General met with a splendid reception. At a holiness meeting 55 persons kneeled at the penitent form.

During the eight days that lasted his visits, the General presided 20 meetings and addressed more than ten thousand people.



Brigadier P. Clibborn has presided large and very encouraging meetings at Florence and Milan. The result of the whole promises much for the future.



The Hobellerie populaire opened in Paris, by the Army, the 1st of Sept., is in full activity and growing in favor.

The number of people asking admission every night is always over 200

Buffalo's Biggest.

The Greatest Demonstration in the History of the Salvation Army in Buffalo has Just been Concluded in Connection with the Visit of THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, MISS BOOTH.

THREE meetings were conducted by Miss Booth, the first on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 27th, in the Concert Hall, on Main Street, another in the Delaware Avenue Baptist Church, and lastly in the Music Hall, Main Street, on Monday night, 28th.

Miss Booth a Friend in Need.

The visit of the Army's popular Canadian leader was given in order to assist in the extinction of the heavy debt on the WESTERN NEW YORK AND NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA CHIEF DIVISION.

The Devil of Debt.

When he took charge of the Division some five months ago, Major McIntyre found a debt of about \$9,000, comprised under the heading, Social, Divisional and Corps—the latter includes CORPS OPENED AND CLOSED. These debts were not newly created, and Major McIntyre speaks in very high terms of the work of his predecessor, Brigadier Streeton, who, he declares, left the Division in so good a condition that it was easy to set aside other objects and tackle the reducing of the debt right away. Accordingly an ANTI-DEBT BRIGADE was formed under the leadership of Adj't. Barker, which got to work with such purpose that it cleared up \$800 in 16 days, and at the time of writing over \$4,000 has been paid off the debt. Debt "devils fear and fly." This is certainly a magnificent achievement for so short a space of time, and it was right in line with the large sympathetic heart of Canada's Commissioner to lend herself to the assistance of so praiseworthy an undertaking. The result has been a victory unprecedented in the history of Army work in Buffalo, and the creation of such a wave of public interest and sympathy as must tell tremendously in the interests of the Army in days to come.

Miss Booth was accompanied by Willie, Pearl and Winnie, three of her winsome little portegees, and several members of her Toronto H. Q. Staff, including the writer. Lieut.-Colonel Bates, the International Accountant, on his way from Toronto to New York, was also present, and the American Chief Secretary, Colonel Higgins, came down from the National Headquarters for the demonstration.

On Sunday morning a holiness meeting was conducted at the old number one corps, where Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hunter are in command. Adj't. Manton is an old favorite at Buffalo I. He told the story of his restoration from backsliding, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the barracks. Lieut.-Colonel Bates and others sang and spoke with acceptance. The meeting as a whole, proved a very blessed season.

Concert Hall Filled.

An excellent audience, numbering about 1,200 people, gathered in the afternoon at the Concert Hall, filling the place.

Colonel Higgins, who was conducting the preliminaries, undertook the "pleasant duty of introducing Miss Booth." He referred to his association with Miss Booth as her Chief assistant in London, and to the passion for winning souls for Christ, which had ever dominated her.

The audience greeted the Field Commissioner, as on every occasion of the demonstrations, with every mark of esteem and appreciation.

A Press Picture of Miss Booth.

The Press of Buffalo, which has ably and lengthily reported Miss Booth's meetings, gives the following description of her, which may be interesting to the readers of the War Cry:

"The first thing which impresses those who see the young leader, is her wonderful resemblance to her famous father, General William Booth. Her features are rather prominent, her complexion dark, and her high forehead is shaded by long, wavy dark hair, which is tossed carelessly back. The distinguishing feature, however, is her wonderful eyes, through which the very personality of the woman seems to shine. Her voice is, in conversation, low and softly modulated, but it can readily be imagined that a thrilling power intensely dominates her tones when addressing an audience

on some subject inspired by her work. In stature, Miss Booth does not exceed the medium height of women, and her form is rather slender, but as straight as an arrow. She was clothed last night in a simple gown of the plain blue worn by the Salvation Army soldiers, the only decoration being a silver "S" on each side of the military collar."

A Tickled Audience.

Previous to her address the Commissioner brought to the front two of her adopted children, Willie and Pearl, or, as she sometimes names them, "Topsy" and "Wopsy." They sang the song,

"White robes they wear up in glory,
And wave the victor's palms o'er the
bright crystal sea;
No night e'er makes them grow weary,
I'm going to that country my Sav-
lour to see."

The rendering of the song by the little ones, who were dressed alike in creamy cashmere dresses, white silk cord belt and brown stockings, made a scene which simply fascinates the audience, and forced a relaxation of muscles of the sternest face. When the little tots rested their fleecy heads for sleep, in keeping with the words of the song, the audience was fairly tickled into delight, and perhaps that is why they responded so generously to the appeal of Major McIntyre for financial aid. Whatever the cause, the result was an eye-opener for the Canadian braves who accompanied Miss Booth, and they greatly enjoyed the fun of seeing five-dollar donations follow five-dollar donations, till all told a sum of \$66 was totalled for the afternoon's income.

No wonder Major McIntyre's dark eyes twinkled, and he stroked the end of his heavy moustache with a touch of nervous pleasure. His motto is, "Down with the debt demon," and that destroyer of the peace of officers was visibly diminishing before our eyes.

A Reporter's View.

The address was, "A hero's declaration," and in nervous, thrilling language portrayed the character and some of the principle incidents in the life of Paul, the Apostle. To attempt to follow on paper the Commissioner's word-pictures were useless. In reference to this very matter a reporter, on Monday night, who had sat with the tears rolling down his cheeks as he listened to Miss Booth's marvellous sketch of slum work, said, "I wouldn't attempt to follow her," and then, to emphasize the difficulty of the undertaking, referred to a recent newspaper paragraph which represented two artists watching a glorious sunset, when one remarked, "How I would like to see that transferred to canvas," and the other rejoined, "BUT HOW UN-NATURAL IT WOULD LOOK," so would the scribe's vain attempt to WRITE what Miss Booth SAID. We will not attempt it, only to say that the emphasis of the address was on the blessed fact that WHATEVER PAUL WAS, HE WAS NOT BECAUSE OF ORATORY OR OTHER NATURAL GIFTS, BUT THROUGH THE GRACE OF GOD.

Sunday Night.

The Sunday night meeting was held in the church which has the reputation for being the largest and wealthiest in Buffalo. Rev. Dr. Gifford, pastor. It certainly is a marvel of architectural beauty, delightfully appointed in every way, except in respect to its acoustic properties. So great was the concourse of people gathered to hear Miss Booth, that in addition to the 2,000 who thronged the church seats and aisles, some hundreds were turned away on account of their being "no room." When time to commence arrived, and Miss Booth, with Dr. Gifford, Chief Secretary Higgins, and other Salvationists took seats on the rostrum, an imposing sight met their eyes. Every seat was occupied, the rear aisles chock a block with people standing, and even the white marble steps and coping of the baptistery situated immediately behind the rostrum, were crowded with a number of ladies, who, although unable to see the face of the speaker, were eager to obtain sitting room anywhere so that they might hear her.

The preliminaries were a mixture of the usual church exercises and the Army's. Mrs. Major Hargrave sang that Commissioner's song, "And yet He will thy sins forgive," and Brigadier Complin offered prayer.

The Inevitable Collection.

Prior to the address, Major McIntyre made another of his powerful and pathetic appeals on behalf of his debt. Citing instances of the work done thro' the Army in Buffalo, he made the astonishing statement that in one night he had found in the local corps fifteen individuals whose terms of imprisonment totalled 52 years. With these facts he had gone to the authorities and made enquiries as to the cost of arresting, trying and imprisoning these people, and had discovered that in those 52 years they had cost the State over \$49,000.

There was no mistake about it, the information was obtained at first-hand from the authorities. To further emphasize the astonishing figures he had quoted he called on three of the fifteen, who occupied the front seat in the church to stand to their feet and face the great audience, whereupon three blessed brothers of the Salvation Army, who still bore traces of having been tremendously "hard cases" wheeled into line as requested. They are all seasoned veterans, not likely to jump off the Rock after every little bait the devil dangles under their noses, and stood the inspection of that aesthetic audience well. One of them wore the uniform of the American Army, having just returned morally, as well as physically, unscathed from camp. (He will soon be an officer in our Social Work.) The offering, which was a straight passing around of the baskets without the taking of donations singly, totalled about \$72.

Death is Conqueror.

Next came the Commissioner's address. The subject dealt with was "Death." No man has power over the spirit to retain it in the hour of death, neither has he power to retain his wealth, reputation, friends or honors. On these and similar thoughts the Commissioner turned over and over the truth of man's helplessness in the hour of death, and urged all to prepare for that solemn event.

Monday's Monster Meeting.

It was reserved for Monday night to witness the greatest triumph of the campaign. The "Currier" and the "Express" both give good reports. The following states in part :

"Had the Music Hall been twice as large, it would not have accommodated the audience which gathered there last night to listen to the tale of a broken heart, as told by Eva Booth, whose rank is Field Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, but whose greatest attraction is that she is the third daughter of General William Booth, founder and commander-in-chief of the organization of which she is a central figure. The hour for the opening of the meeting had been fixed at 8 o'clock, but there was enough people assembled in Main Street in front of the building when Major McIntyre, at 7 o'clock, ordered the doors thrown open, to almost fill the spacious hall. By 7:30 o'clock there was not a vacant seat on the floor and few in the gallery, and a quarter of an hour later the outer doors were closed and the waiting crowd was told that no further admission could or would be granted. Even the aisles were packed and hundreds stood in the corridors, craning their necks to get a view of the stage. The silence was like a church and every ear was strained to hear the words of the woman whose slumming exploits in darkest London have made her famous. It was estimated that there were 4,000 persons in the hall.

Eva Booth in Rags.

As the bell in the City Hall tower rang out the hour of 8, Eva Booth marched in from the side of the stage. She was clad in the rags which she wore when she made her crusade in the slums of London, and she was playing the accordion, which she used when she assumed the role of a street musician in the great metropolis. The music was drowned by the applause which greeted her, but the Army joined in the grand hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

When quiet was restored Brigadier Complin, of Toronto, offered prayer, and this was followed by Major Hargrave, who sang a solo, the audience joining in the chorus.

Then Miss Booth was introduced by Colonel Higgins. Her dress was of common check gingham, white apron full of rents partially covering it. Around her shoulders she wore a tattered, cheap plaid shawl. Her feet were covered with shoes full of holes and tied with rope yarn, while her tousled hair filled out the character

she assumed, one of the lower five.

"I have no apology to offer for my attire," she said. "It is too closely associated with the poor, the sorrowful, those who have missed the best of life, to be ashamed of it. Since childhood I have always loved to minister to the poor, those who are down-trodden, who have no friends, and I never found it difficult to make sacrifices to seek or serve them, nor to put from me anything that led to benefit for them. As I put on these rags there came before me a vision of the past, and I again saw the poverty, shame and distress of the long ago days. In this city there are many poor, but you little know of the poverty, degradation and crime which exists in London, and which I saw; where there is hatred of everyone who appears to belong to a higher class, when in order to reach the homes, the hearts and the better side of these people I had to pose as a flower girl and a street musician. The police, who grew to know me, begged me frequently not to risk my life by visiting these places, but I answered them that Christ, in whose hands I placed myself, would guard me.

"I had a room, four flights up, in the darkest neighborhood in the great metropolis. No carpet, a little couch, a common deal table, and a noble companion, a girl born in humble circle, this was my home. You ask how I got into the homes then, into the jails, and into the hearts of those unfortunate. I had a secret which I carried in my bosom for years. An angel placed the cord around my neck and God planted it in my bosom.

Unlocked Every Door.

"Four little keys on a miniature ring," and Miss Booth drew a little ring with four keys on it from the folds of her shawl. "The first one is Love. I went to Calvary to get it. At the foot of the Cross I found it, and I found no doors that it would not unlock, no bolts it would not throw back."

Miss Booth told an incident of how she rescued two babies from a brutal father, and how when he came to claim them and began abusing her, the sight of his children, clean and happy, touched the well spring of love in his heart and led to his conversion.

The next key, Miss Booth said, was Sympathy, and again she told a story of a woman who was looked upon by the London police as the worst in that city, who was reformed by a kiss of sympathy.

The third key was Sacrifice, the fourth Action, and each was illustrated by affecting stories, based on incidents in the speaker's life.

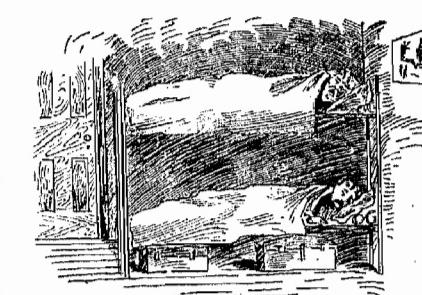
The ring which held the four keys was Conquering Grace, and without it little could be attained.

As Miss Booth described her keys, Colonel Higgins placed one on the other, blocks of wood inscribed with the qualities, and when completed a cross was formed."

Major McIntyre and his staff were in ecstasies over the meetings. The Monday night one brought in over \$200. But the actual money received was nothing to the good which it was anticipated would flow from the meetings in personal sympathy created for the Army, and Major McIntyre may be depended upon to turn this into the most practical channel. Buffalo was never so aroused by the Army before. Carriages rolled up just before 8 p.m., only to roll away again with their occupants disappointed at the sight of a huge crowd shut outside the doors. The police could not get the mass of people at the doors to budge till Adj't. Barker appeared, and explained how completely the building had been rushed till every part was jammed full, and that no one was to blame but the citizens themselves that persons holding reserved seat tickets could not get the seats. Then the gathering melted away.

It cannot but be that the pouring out of such a torrent of truth on the crowds of Buffalo, as those meetings witnessed, will tell strongly for the regenerating and spiritual uplifting of the crowds who attended the demonstrations. God bless Buffalo!

J. C.



Even at the Shelter they dream of the Christmas War Cry.



An orange tree will bear fruit until it is 150 years old.

Of the whole population of the globe it is estimated that 90,000 die every day.

Land in England is 300 times as valuable now as it was 200 years ago.

The fir tree is the commonest of all trees, being found in every part of the world.

In the streets of Paris may now be seen baby carriages which are propelled by electricity.

A little village in Anglesea bears the name of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwll-Llandisiliogogogoch.

The Newfoundland fishery is said to be better this year than for many years. The prices are fair and the outlook good.

In India the average duration of life of the natives is twenty-four years, as against forty-four in England.

A coal mine in Scotland which caught fire fifty years ago and has been burning ever since, has at last burnt itself out.

All French subjects who are seventy or more years of age have a right to claim admission to one of the "hospices," where they are well housed and fed.

The prices in Dawson are surprising, a glass of lemonade, 50 cents; a cucumber \$1; a slice of watermelon, \$1.50; porterhouse steak, \$2.50; a chicken, \$10; eggs (doubtful) \$2.50 per doz.

England's Asiatic dominions and dependencies cover more than 1,600,000 square miles, having nearly 300,000,000 of souls under her rule, speaking some 20 languages. She has 21,000 miles of railway, and 47,000 miles of telegraph on land in Asia, and some 20,000 miles of submarine cable.

Boston's water pipes are invested with eels—hundreds and thousands of them—and the water board is at its wits' ends to devise some means to get rid of them. They go through the strainers when young and small, and grow to great size, obstructing the flow of water or stopping it altogether.

FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF PICTON,

Led by Brigadier Mrs. Read.

After fourteen years' fighting for God, the war in Picton is still progressing, and do you wonder that they were glad to welcome back their pioneer officer, Brig. Mrs. Read, who was the first Salvation Army officer in Picton, then Capt. Blanche Goodall. They never get tired telling how she entered the town alone, and how some people gave her a week to stay. But, praise God, a large number of those first converts are standing to-day. We heard them testify while there. Others are officers in the front of the battle, while others have been promoted to the ranks above. We missed them on the platform and the march since the last visit of the Brigadier.

Adjt. Blackburn and wife have things well in command there, and we found them believing for a beautiful time, nor were they disappointed.

Saturday night a welcome meeting and social was arranged, so that the many comrades and friends of the early days, as well as those of the present, might enjoy a social chat with their old friend and leader, Mrs. Read. It is beautiful to meet those comrades of the early days who have stood true. God bless you, comrades of Picton corps, stand by your colors to the end.

Knee-drill and holiness meeting were especially good, one young man came out for cleansing. Sunday afternoon Mrs. Read was announced to speak on the prison work. The barracks was crowded and many were turned away. The meeting was started with an old-time swing. Some of the most prominent people of Picton were present. Lieut. Hicks wore her nursing costume, also sang some Rescue songs.

Mrs. Read, although very weak in body, spoke with wonderful power. The vast audience remained spell-bound until the meeting closed.

Night meeting, a real old-fashioned salvation meeting, and from the first song until the last a most profound interest and deep conviction was man-

ifested. Mrs. Blackburn sang very sweetly. Mrs. Read read the lesson and at its close two came out for pardon, one a backslider. But the prayer meeting—who shall describe it? One thing I am sure of is that those present will never forget it. One gentleman told how the next morning after he got saved he went out and weighed himself, he felt so much lighter.

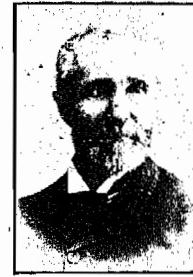
Bro. Ballie, Temperance Evangelist, sang:

"If I ask Him to receive me
Will He say me nay."

The meeting was brought to a close, everyone went home feeling tired in body, but happy.

In Methodist Brick Church.

Monday night the service was held in the large Methodist Church, kindly lent to us for the occasion by our Methodist friends, and which was nearly full. Mr. H. McMullen occupied the chair. After singing some fam-



Mr. H.
McMullen,
Picton, Ont.



The Modern Book of Proverbs

COMPILED BY SOLOMON SMALL.

II.—Miscellaneous.

God sends corn and the devil mars the sack.

God is always at leisure to do good to those that ask it.

God hath often a great share in a little house.

God cometh with leaden feet, but striketh with iron hands.

God defend me from the still waters, and I will keep myself from the rough.

It is an ill procession where the devil holds the candle.

When the blind leads the blind both fall into the ditch.

One must not judge by appearances, it is not the cloak that makes the friar.

Short prayers reach heaven.

Every light is not the sun.

Truth and oil are ever above.

Example is better than precept.

A man is known by the company he keeps.

EASTERN ELATIONS.

Report of Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire's Self-Denial Tour Continued.

By BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

WINDSOR was our next stopping place. We had a beautiful little officers' meeting in the afternoon. God came near to us and in the public meeting at night the place was packed. A good spirit prevailed. At first the audience would roar with laughter, and then a solemn influence prevailed in the meeting. The P. O. had a word or two with the people regarding their proposed new building.

Mrs. Read then arose and delivered a most stirring address on the Rescue work and Social Reform, and for over an hour no one scarcely stirred, so rapt was their attention. We were glad to have with us Messrs. Ballie and Hazel, Evangelists. They sang the beautiful piece, "The door of God's mercy is open," which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The Rev. Mr. Real, pastor of the M. E. Church, made some very appropriate remarks in which he said, "I have no questions to ask after the beautiful address that I have listened to, there is no doubt in my mind of the great work that the Army is doing. They are reaching out after the masses." He made a few other well-chosen remarks in connection with the work in their own town. The financial result was excellent—\$34 for the weekend. Mrs. Read and your humble servant will long remember the kindness of the Picton people, especially Bro. Cooper, with whom we were billeted, also Mr. McMullen, and many others of whom there is not time nor space to mention, but last, but not least, Adjt. and Mrs. Blackburn. They have indeed found their way into the hearts of the Picton people, and are believing for great things during Self-Denial. God bless you all. Be true.—Yours under the Flag, Elia Hicks, Lieut.

Meaford Re-opened.

Since opening Meaford we have had THREE precious souls seek pardon. To God we give all the glory. Meetings and crowds are very good, the people are very kind to us, they seem pleased that we are back to Meaford. "No retreat" is our motto. War Crys sold out, and increasing order another 25.—Lieut. Huskinson, for Capt. Kenzie.

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR CURRENT LITERATURE?

We are still in need of books, magazines, and good periodicals for the "Home Reading Room" of our various Rescue Homes. The Field Commissioner will be grateful if friends and sympathizers with the work will send any contributions of this character to the following addresses:

TORONTO.—Major Stewart, 916 Yonge St., Ave. LONDON S. Ont.—Staff Captain Cowan, Riverview St. JOHN, N. B.—Adjutant Jost 65 Elliot Row.

Montreal.—Adjutant Holbeck, 248 St. Antoine St. HALIFAX, N. S.—Ensign Beckstead, 49 Hollis St.

OTTAWA.—Adjutant McDonald, 766 Wellington St. ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—Ensign Tovell, 20 Cook St.

HAMILTON.—Adjutant Jordan, 119 Wentworth St. SPOKANE, Wash.—Adjt. Langtry, 732 Fourth Ave.

HELENA, Mont.—Adjt. Walton, 532 Breckinridge St. WINNIPEG Man.—Mrs Major Jewer, 428 Yonge St.

—OR TO—

MRS. BRIGADIER READ, ALBERT ST. TORONTO.

officers, Brother Wyse, and Co. The meeting was full of unction, and blessing, and power, and one of the best the P. O. has had in that town. A little soldiers' meeting followed, when the P. O. dealt again with the soul-saving for the winter, inspiring the comrades to the best of his ability, and mentioned the S. D. The little band of soldiers promised to hit the target.

The following morning (Saturday) we had a lovely little officers' council, ten being present. I am not sure whether this was not the best little council we have had. The Lord did, indeed, manifest Himself to us.

We found the officers and soldiers, upon the whole, in good spirits for the S. D., and we repeat our challenge, viz., to beat any other P. O. in the territory. I believe we will give every other province a good licking.

Weary, but happy, the P. O. and wife returned to Provincial Headquarters on Saturday night, having during the last few days travelled 900 miles, conducted 13 public meetings, 7 soldiers' meetings, and 7 officers' meetings, and saw 18 at the Cross.

The Man in the Moon.

CHAPTER X

Stood the Test.

*The world with all its joys no longer charms me,
For a purer bliss is mine;
The devil with his darts no longer harms me,
White kept by a power that's divine;
From inward strife and fear set free,
My victory is complete;
In joy or pain, in earthly loss or gain,
I have heaven at my Saviour's feet.*

Eight years had passed.

Many and great changes had taken place in the city of D—, and in the local corps of the Salvation Army.

The officers of the corps had come to Toronto for the Annual Councils and met there the former Captain, who was in charge at the time Rudolf got saved, but he had advanced to the rank of Adjutant. The latter, of course, inquired immediately about the corps in D— and about the various old soldiers, as officers are apt to do when meeting together at these annual gatherings. Especially was the Adjutant anxious to hear what Rudolf was doing.

"Oh, he is doing well," replied the officer. "He often speaks of you and the old times. It nearly killed the poor fellow when he first started work with shovelling sand, but the contractor put him shortly afterwards in charge of the sand-pit gang. The manager of the S— factory asked for him, but the contractor was so pleased with him that he retained him as a sort of foreman or overseer. He done well, has built his own house on a lot he paid for out of his savings, and his wife and children are now well fixed in a comfortable house of their own. The oldest boy is now going to college; he is a very bright boy. The mother and two of the girls belong to the corps, and are good soldiers."

"But how is Rudolf getting on spiritually?"

"Splendidly! His testimony is always bright and weighty, and he is respected in the town. Once he had an awful struggle, when he was very low with fever and the doctor gave him brandy and milk to sustain life. The old appetite came upon him like a ravenous beast bounces upon his prey, and he nearly yielded. When the temptation came the strongest he rushed to the barracks, and throwing himself on the outside steps he cried, "O Lord, You have saved me in this building, and kept me good and right this long time; take away this fearful temptation!" He said he found freedom like a flash, and has been free from that temptation ever since."

"And has he still got the name of the Man in the Moon?" the Adjutant asked.

"Oh, no! That name is almost forgotten now, only few people remember it. I only heard it from Rudolf himself. The old hotel to the Moon is now torn down and a fine business block stands on the site. Rudolf says he wants no more moonshine; he lives now in the sunlight of God's favor."

THE END.

The task that God sets us to is never measured by our delinquency; it is measured by God's solicitude for our progress; measured solely by God's love.—Drummond.

"And when beneath some heavy cross
you faint,
And say, 'I cannot bear this load
alone,'
You say the truth. Christ made it
purposely
So heavy, that you must return to
Him."

Never Before...

not in all the record of the excellent special issues of the War Cry has there been contemplated such a unique

Christmas War Cry

as we are getting now ready for 1898.

Just focus your percep-ticles on this list:

Finely-colored lithographed cover;

Striking and original design on it;

Thirty-six pages of the usual size;

Numerous and artistic illustrations;

Bright, cheerful and helpful reading;

Original contributions from the best writers;

An excellent article by the Field Commissioner, entitled, "The Bridal Day."

Interesting contents for officers, and soldiers, friends and foes, rich and poor, Christians and sinners, believers backsliders, in short, everybody.

"How much? Fifty cents?" Oh, no! Only TEN cents!!

My Trip to Norway.

By ENSIGN IDA STEVENS.

I.

MHIRTEEN years ago I left Norway and came to America, and the last six years I have spent as an officer in the Salvation Army, having had only four weeks' rest during that term of service. At my last corps, Vancouver, B. C., I was only in charge three months when I farewelled to go on my recent furlough, for the Commissioner had kindly given me permission to visit my home, which I was very anxious to do, as my father and mother were both getting old.

At Butte City I joined Cadet Lindeman, who was to accompany me across the Atlantic, as she was likewise going to her home, which is in Finland. We reached New York in the evening, and our boat set sail at eleven o'clock next morning for Liverpool, England. The weather was very pleasant on the ocean, with the exception of one day, when we had it very stormy, which did not seem to agree with us, the boat tossed a little too much. However, it did not effect Cadet Lindeman, who is a real good sailor, and who could enjoy every meal on board. The passengers were all very kind and friendly. We were enabled to hear a great many conversations about the Army.

A Character.

One old gentleman, who was very agreeable to everybody, came up and asked me a few questions about my belief.

"You don't believe in such a thing as the Blood, do you?" said he.

"Yes, certainly I do, and that Christ is all my hope and the Blood my only plea. God saved me in my youth and has stood by me ever since, because I have trusted in Him."

He departed very abruptly, saying, "Your conscience has been educated to it!" and never came near me any more during the journey. I found out afterwards that this person, who could be so extremely kind and fascinating, was not what he impressed the people to be. On gaining the favor of the ladies, he would invite them to stay with him at Liverpool. Upon conversation with each other some of these ladies, found that each had had a like invitation, so between themselves they decided to teach him a lesson which he would never forget. After a little planning, they wrote on a piece of paper, "A housekeeper wanted, apply within," and had it attached to the back of his coat. He began to promenade the deck as usual; in a short while everybody was smiling, until finally he became suspicious and quietly sat down. Putting his hand behind his back a pin scratched him, and so led to the discovery of the paper. He quickly disappeared and stayed in his cabin the remainder of the journey. When we reached Liverpool he was last to get off the boat; he quickly jumped into

We spent most of our time on board singing and reading. It was nine days before we reached Liverpool, where Cadet Lindeman had to say good-bye to me, as our route differed from this point. I had to take the train to Newcastle. The scenery was beautiful. From here I crossed the North Sea in a small steamer, to Norway. The sailors were all very kind, but rather rough in their ways. One of them asked me to have a drink (he being very drunk) but the others rebuked him, saying, "This lady does not drink, she is a Christian." We crossed the North Sea in thirty-six hours, but having high sea, I was very sick.

Felt Better.

At the sight of approaching land I began to feel much better. When I caught a glimpse of the mountains of Norway, I wept for joy; deep emotions took hold of me, and I could hardly believe that my eyes were beholding my native country, it seemed more like a foreign land to me, after such a long absence. The last few hours seemed like days.

Bergen, was a delightful word to my ears. After getting through with my baggage at the Custom House, I went in search of the Army. When I spied an officer on the street, I felt right at home again. The Army is getting along well here in Bergen, everybody seems to like them. I had to start the same evening for my home, and endure another long and tedious journey of three days more on the water; it appeared to me longer than all the previous trip. It seemed impossible for me to wait, I had such a longing for home as soon as I began to trace familiar spots, all sleep had left me. I had a great many questions to answer on board about the Army, and a great many misunderstandings were cleared away.

I was nearing my destination at last, and as we sailed into the old familiar harbor, you cannot imagine what raptures of joy seized me; I wanted to leap. As I landed, so many things recalled the days of youth. Our boat arriving sooner than was expected my parents did not look for me so early. I hastened as fast as my feet could carry me to the home of an old friend, who was very pleased to see me. Her and her husband quickly drove me seven miles to my dear old home, which we reached in two hours. My mother wept for gladness and could do nothing but praise God for sending me home to them again. My father was unable to speak for a while, in fact we were all too full for sound. When we came to ourselves, I found myself bombarded with numerous questions.

(To be continued.)

LOOK OUT FOR THE ECLIPSE.



The Christmas War Cry, 1898, will eclipse any previous record, and you will be sorry if you fail to get one. It is good enough to send to your friends as a Christmas present; and only ten cents a copy.

G. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENSIGN PERRY.—Windsor, Dec. 8; Halifax II, Dec. 9, 10, 11; Dartmouth, Dec. 12; Halifax I, Dec. 13; Acadia Mines, Dec. 14; Truro, Dec. 15; Stellarton, Dec. 16; Westville, Dec. 17.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.—Casete, Dec. 9; Townsend, Dec. 10, 11; Elkhorn, Dec. 12, 13; Boulder, Dec. 14; Calvin, Dec. 15; Great Falls, Dec. 16, 17, 18.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—Guelph, Dec. 8, 9; Galt, Dec. 10, 11; Berlin, Dec. 12, 13; Hespeler, Dec. 14, 15; Paris, Dec. 16; Brantford, Dec. 17, 18; Simcoe, Dec. 19.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Sudbury, Dec. 8, 9; North Bay, Dec. 10, 11; Emsdale, Dec. 12; Novar, Dec. 13; Portage, Dec. 14; Ulterson, Dec. 15; Parkersville, Dec. 16; Bracebridge, Dec. 17, 18.

ENSIGN CUMMINS.—Lethbridge, Dec. 9-13; Moose Jaw, Dec. 14; Whitewood, Dec. 15, 16; Moosomin, Dec. 17, 18; Brandon, Dec. 19.

Red Hot Sling Shot.

By ADJT. MAGEE.

Who is the smallest man?

He, who from platform or through press, or even in private, will throw stones at another when he knows that the other has no chance to strike back or defend himself.

Who is the meanest man?

He that will trample on a man when he is down, and clap him on the back when the world smiles on him.

Who is the biggest coward?

That one man out of a gang of three or four who will tackle a lone traveller search his pockets, get all he can out of him, leave him wounded and bleeding, and then crows over his imaginary victory.

Who is the strongest man?

He, who can afford to stand alone, who, when bound and fettered by the hands of his own people, and delivered over to the world, the flesh, and the devil, deprived of every means of self-defence, will burst those fetters, and with the jaw-bone of an ass astonish both friends and foes.

Picked Up.

Benefit of Affliction.

God often lets His people reach the shore as on the planks of a shipwrecked vessel. He deprives us of the cisterns in order to make us drink out of the fountains of waters. He frequently takes away our supports, not that we may fall to the ground, but that He Himself may become our rod and our staff.

The embarrassments of His people are only the festive scaffoldings on which His might, His faithfulness, and His mercy celebrate their triumphs.

—Krummacher.

* * * * *

Get one little line of loveliness into your disposition, and that may be the beginning of a spirit which will at last include "whatsoever things are lovely."

—J. R. Miller.

Visible in the Dark.

A little girl, as she lay dying, looked up into the face of her mother, who was standing at her bedside, and said, "Mother, I cannot see you very well; it is growing dark." Then she closed her weary eyes, and there was silence for a brief space. Presently she opened them again. There was a glad light in their heavenly blue, while a celestial smile illumined her pallid countenance, as she added, "But I can see Jesus!"

The Best Temperance Lecture.

It was on the street. A man recovering from a debauch was moaning to himself, "I must quit. I must reform. I must stop!"

"Don't say dat, boss!" put in a darky. "Dat's no good. Say, 'I am quit!' I is reformed! I've done gone stopped! Do it now, boss, and den you won't forget it."

Live for Others.

We must care for others. No life can be blessed which is self-centred, and shut in, as the Dead Sea, by giant walls. The secret of having is giving; of learning is teaching; of climbing to the throne is stooping to wash the feet of the disciples. Think more of others than yourself, and your own life shall be ever so rich and prosperous. "I want—I want—I want Christians to go all over the world, and spread the Gospel." These words, spoken with labored breath, were almost the last uttered by a beloved Christian worker.

God is Keeping Watch.

A little story which beautifully illustrates the childlike faith that may be every Christian's, is told of a four-year-old, who enquired of her widowed mother one moonlight night:

"Mamma, is the moon God's light?" The lamp had just been put out, and the timid little girl, as well as her mother, was afraid of the dark; but presently she saw the bright moon out of her window, and it suggested the question, "Is the moon God's light?"

"Yes, Ethel," the mother replied, "the moon and stars are all God's lights."

Then came the next question from the little girl, "Will God blow out His light and go to sleep, too?"

"No, my child," replied the mother.

ance to a sentiment that thrillers the mother's heart and led her to a more complete trust in her God, "Well, mamma, while God's awake, I am not afraid."

Living by Faith.

Seek feeling, and you will miss it; be content to live without it, and you will have all you require. If you are always noticing your heart-beats, you will bring on heart-disease. If you are ever musing against cold you will become very subject to chills. If you are perpetually thinking about your health you will induce disease. If you are always consulting your feelings, you will live in a thirsty land, where no water is. He that saveth his soul shall lose it.

Be indifferent to emotion. If it is there, be thankful; if it is absent go on doing the will of God, reckoning on Him, speaking well of Him behind His back, and, above all, giving no signs of what you are suffering, lest you be a stumbling-block to others. Then joy will overtake you as a flood. He will make you sit at His table, and gird Himself to come forth and serve you.

In the Valley of Believing.

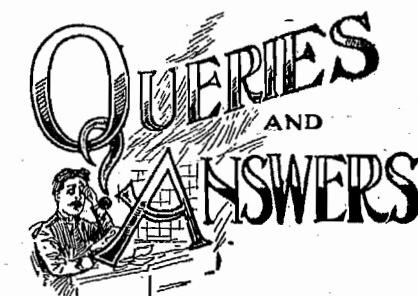
By S. C. KIRK, in Philadelphia Ledger.

Not a sinner, wild and wanton,
But a worshipper devout,
Long I wandered on the mountain,
In the wilderness of Doubt,
Till the searchlight of the Spirit
O'er my darkened pathway broke,
And a Voice—I still can hear it—
Soft and sweetly to me spoke:

"Cease thy mourning and thy grieving,
For the land that thou dost seek
Is the Valley of Believing
In the Kingdom of the Meek.
Wouldst thou find this land of beauty?
Not a moment needst thou walt;
There's a path, whose name is Duty,
Leads directly to the gate.

"There's a soul's refreshing river
Flowing through this pleasant scene,
And its banks are covered ever
With a fresh and living green;
There the tree of Faith is growing,
Deeply rooted in the soil,
And the fragrance it is throwing
Is the bloom of holy toll.

"Now and then the clouds will gather,
And the shadows sometimes fall,
But the sunlight of the father
Still is shining back of all.
And, most cheering thought and dear-
est,
Is this valley of the blest,
When the clouds are hanging nearest
You may find the sweetest rest."



We are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as it is possible for us to do so. We will answer enquiries about rules and regulations, difficult subjects of Doctrines, as far as this is necessary for spiritual growth, about personal troubles and perplexities, or regarding general points of interest to the majority of readers.

Write us frankly. Whenever a reply is such that it should be given quite confidentially, we will answer by letter, if you enclose postage stamp. We would not use your name in print, but all enquirers should sign their full name and address, as a matter of good faith.

W. S.—Received your letter, contribution satisfactory. You must not be impatient if it does not appear at once. I have a whole pigeon-hole full of contributions of this nature and yours will come in turn.

Query: A. Q.—What is the proper title of Mrs. Read, of the Rescue Work.

Answer: Brigadier Mrs. Read, Secretary to the Field Commissioner for the Women's Social Work and the League of Mercy.

Query: P. M.—If I write up the experience of my husband, who has been a soldier for five years, will it be accepted?

Answer: Certainly. We are always pleased to receive the lives of Salvationists of any standing, and if they contain any points of interest at all, form some of the best reading.



A remarkable case of conversion is reported by Adj't Ayre. An old man, over seventy, a backslider, who had sunk into sin of every kind and nearly into infidelity, was in the meeting at Victoria on Sunday night and, although the Spirit of God took hold of the old man, he would not surrender. The Adjutant visited him the next day and found him lighting his pipe. He opened a fusilade on him with the result that he cried mightily to God and got deliverance. Since then he has been on the march and in the open-air, and has given testimony to God's power to save. His first act was to have the funeral of his pipe and tobacco.

* * * * *
Ensign Alward, who has been sick with typhoid fever, is slowly improving, although still at the hospital.

* * * * *
Mrs. Capt. Lacy has been very sick. The prayers of all comrades are requested on her behalf.

* * * * *
Billings, Mont., has had some enemy break into their barracks and cut both the drumheads.

A Victim of Bigotry.

By NEWFOUNDLANDER.

Situated in one of Newfoundland's beautiful bays is to be found a place where it seems nature has placed many of the things that charm, in the shape of mountain and stream, hill and dale, plots of wild grass and groves of young trees. One would almost think as they looked upon it from some neighboring hill, or as they passed by in one of Newfoundland's floating houses, that pain or sadness was altogether a thing unknown. Especially would this be so if the traveller chanced to pass by at the time when work was at its best, and the different streams swollen by continuous rains, ran their respective courses, till at last they tumbled into the buckets of the different water wheels, which, revolving round, drove the saws, the supplying of which gave employment to a great many, and the constant "whurr" as the saws did their work, giving one to understand that activity was at a fair medium.

But no matter how beautiful the place, how bright the prospects are for home comfort, no matter how family ties weld spirits together till each seeks the other's highest good, sorrow seems to reside there, and holds itself in readiness to make its ravages felt.

The Army's Advent.

In the year 189—the Salvation Army made its first appearance in that little place. Troublesome were its first days, the truth of which is sometimes proved by the bursting of an occasional bubble.

Nevertheless the spirit was doing its work, and in a short time some of its best and most respectable were won for God, and in many homes conviction was carried.

It was in one of these homes that the sorrow that I have spoken of entered, and it came about something like this: The occupants of this particular home at the time of the Army's opening numbered about seven, one of these being a young woman who had just emerged from girlhood. Some of her relatives had taken a firm stand for God and the Salvation Army, which brought down the anger of friends to a very great extent, and the godly living of one of these converted relations was making its mark on this girl's soul.

Altercations.

This was seen by her parents, who were more exercised about the letter of the law than they were about the spirit which helps one to keep the law, and a certain code of rules, which they said had been the guiding star for their forefathers, they argued, was good enough for them. This led to different altercations in the home. The girl felt that the religion of her uncle, who now fills an important position in the corps, was the religion of Jesus Christ, and that the Salvation Army barracks was the place where the true light was spoken of. Occasionally she would steal away and join the few who dared to face the storm and went to hear the Army.

This would be a cause for a fresh outburst of wrath, and home rather presented a place where ignorance and bigotry seemed destined to do a deadly work.

Left Home and Virtue.

At last things became unbearable,

and the girl left home to find work where there would be less confinement, and at last arrived at the Capital.

A lack of friends to advise with, as well as a spirit that had been longing for freedom from the home lash, tended to make the path seem broad, and the presence of those people whose sole work is to allure and entrap, succeeded in doing their foul work in her case, and downward she travelled.

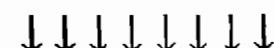
What a beautiful life was sacrificed and made to yield to the god of lust. What beautiful God-given endowments were trampled upon. To-day, if you travel the streets of that city you would no doubt see this young woman

with cheeks painted, and with that gait and look which also betokens an early dishonorable grave; all of which, it is thought, might have been otherwise if more love had been shown and her own convictions respected.

Parents—fathers, mothers—don't make the home a hell by your rule of tyranny. Use the wooling power of the Spirit in leading your children, and don't bring sorrow into your home as these people brought it to theirs. For Jesus' sake and for the sake of the immortal soul that is at stake, don't try to smother and kill God-given convictions.



WHY



Miss Booth
Will contribute
an excellent
article . . .

**"Now and
Then."**



The General

will have a
striking
contribution,
with unique
illustrations.

the 1898 Special Christmas
Number of the War Cry
will be a Record Breaker.

1. A Splendid Colored Cover.

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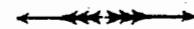
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On every page.

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32 pages without a single advertise-
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OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS:

"THE WHITE-HAIRED BOY,"

By Brigadier Complin.

"WANDERING WILL,"

By Brigadier Gaskin.

"AFLOAT AND ASHORE,"

By Brigadier Mrs. Read.

"A GHOST STORY," by (?)

"LILIES AND ONIONS," By Adjutant Page.

"DON'T MONKEY," By Major Southall.

"LAMPASAS JAKE," Wild West Story.

"THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS."

"FIELD OFFICERS' OYSTER BED."

"SOCIAL JAM TARTS,"

A NOVEL SERVICE of SONG,

etc., etc., etc.



ARTICLES ALSO EXPECTED

from

Commissioner McKie,

Commissioner Nicol,

Colonel Jacobs,

Colonel Holland,

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts,

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips,

and others.



ONLY TEN CENTS.

CALLED HIGHER



Another dear comrade of the Winnipeg corps, Brother George Fowler, has fallen asleep in Jesus, being the second soldier within a couple of months, gone to reap their reward.

Our brother was only ill a few short days. On Tuesday evening he was at the meeting, and the following night we heard he had gone to the hospital. On Thursday went up to enquire for him, but found him too ill to see anyone. On Sunday night, shortly after 1 o'clock, I was telephoned for, and hurried as quickly as possible to the hospital. He was very low, but perfectly conscious, though suffering intense pain, he never murmured. His thoughts were for his loved ones and the corps. "Tell the comrades to be true," he whispered. Towards morning the pain abated, and he fell asleep about half past six. "His last words were, 'Take me, Lord, take me.' His life was faithful and his death triumphant. The funeral service at the barracks was most touching. Many in tears. From the barracks we marched to the station, our dear comrade's body being taken home to Des Moines, by his brother, for interment. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."—Ethel Galt, Staff-Capt.

Death of Brother James Henry Rowe, of Butte Corps, Aged 60 Years.

Bro. Rowe has gone. I had only been in Butte a few days when I learned that he was quite ill. Bro. Joe Tippett kindly went with me and showed me where he lived. We found him suffering with pneumonia and under the doctor's care. Although he was so weak, yet he was cheerful and talked freely of the goodness of God. After prayer we returned homeward, each remarking that we thought he would soon recover. Two days after he was suddenly taken worse, and the following day (Saturday) I went to his house again and found that the doctor had given him up. He was very weak and decidedly worse, but was happy and just waiting God's will. I asked him if he felt ready if God called him. He replied, "I've not a doubt. All is well. The Lord's will be done." He requested me to read some of his favorite verses in Rev. iii. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the Temple of my God," etc., and he seemed encouraged as I read it. I then had prayer and proceeded back to the city. The next morning I learned that he passed away peacefully at 7 a.m. He was conscious to the last. His request was that he should have a Salvation Soldiers' funeral which took place on Tuesday, Nov. 1st. A large number of his comrade soldiers turned out to do honor to a departed brother. We marched to the South M. E. Church, where a large crowd attended the service. Ensign Stanbury, of Anaconda, was present and spoke of Bro. Rowe's kindness to her when she was stationed at Butte. Bro. French spoke on behalf of the corps, and remarked that Bro. Rowe was not only a Christian but a true soldier. Although the day was cold, a large number went to the cemetery where we committed his body to the earth, with all the honors due a Salvationist. The A. O. U. W. Lodge, of which he was a member, arranged for six of themselves for pall bearers. Their service was performed at the grave.

Blessed is the man that overcomes, God will own him for His son: A rich inheritance rewards The conquest he has won.

How bright these glorious spirits shine, Robed in their white array, Around the throne they sing His praise Throughout the endless day.

J. W. Hay, Adj't.

South America.

Brigadier F. W. Pearce, of the Argentine Republic, is anxious to develop and ameliorate our Social Work in the country.

Open-air meetings are working good among Spaniards, and are a splendid way to come in contact with people very hard to get hold of in any other way.



HURRAH! GASKIN TO THE TOP AGAIN! SOUTHALL STILL CLOSE BEHIND.

Gaskin did not stay long on the fence. No, not he. He does not like that seat. He got Nigger repaired and went pell mell after Southall, catching him near the goal, and pulling him off his prancing Arab in a jiffy. Such is the fate of war.

But Southall will believe, with Job, that he will be delivered out of his second trouble. Why should he not, in turn, come to the top again next week? There is no lawful impediment why he should not be highest next week. Let us watch.

There will most likely be a see-saw affair between Southall and Gaskin for sometime to come, for neither Bennett nor Pugmire come within the accomplishments of the two leading gentlemen, by more than a score.

Pugmire has been a little bashful in coming out, but he has made a start and successfully overtaken Bennett, although only by two. Still it shows what can be done. There will be much interest among the officers of these Provinces as to who will win, but the East can win if they only will.

There are still others, but don't ask me where. Look in the dim distance; there are figures, but you cannot tell whether they advance or retard. Will they ever get beyond twenty-five? Ask them, they are of age—Howell, McMillan and Sharp.

See page 18 for illustration of Hustler's Column.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

83 Hustlers.

SISTER PEARCE, Temple	110
Sergt.-Major Dyker, Orillia	90
Ensign Cameron, Riverside	83
Sister Currell, Temple	75
Sister Medlock, Temple	75
Mrs. Adjt. Wiggins, Lindsay	72
Capt. Fisher, Hamilton I.....	72
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	70
Capt. Creamer, Orillia	64
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	56
Capt. M. White, Oakville	55
Sergt.-Major Bone, Barrie	53
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.....	52
Ensign Smith, Owen Sound	51
Bro. Dixon, Temple	50
Capt. Stevens, North Bay	50
Lieut. McLellan, North Bay	50
Capt. Hanna, Brantford	49
Lieut. Wade, Brantford	48
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound	47
Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.	47
Cadet Thompson, Richmond St....	46
Lieut. M. Howcroft, Parry Sound ..	45
Lieut. L. Bond, Sudbury	45
Capt. Sherwin, Sudbury	45
Capt. Goldbury, Owen Sound	43
Cadet Levett, Richmond St.....	43
Capt. Mainland, Hamilton II....	42
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.....	40
Sister Stringeth, Temple	40
Mrs. Bowbier, Lisgar St.	38
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Bowmanville ..	36
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	35
Lieut. Northcott, Newmarket	35
Capt. J. Howcroft, Parry Sound ..	35
Lieut. Donaldson, Dundas	35
Lieut. Jackson, Stroud	33
Adjt. Wiggins, Lindsay	33
Capt. Barker, Oshawa	33
Lieut. Dales, Oshawa	33
Capt. A. Nelson, Omeme	32
Capt. Darrack, Oshawa	31
Sister McQualg, Temple	30
Capt. Bone, Lippincott	30
Sergt.-Major Hunter, Newmarket ..	30
Cadet Young, Richmond St.....	29
Bro. J. Cook, Lisgar St.	28
Cadet Dona'dson, Lippincott	28
Capt. Hart, Riverside	27
Cadet Klity, Richmond, St.....	26
Cadet Edwards, Lippincott	25
Sister Carvie, Temple	25
Capt. Smith, Dundas	25
Mrs. Capt. Williams, New Market ..	25
Capt. J. A. Wiseman, Brooklin	25
Lieut. Cook, Uxbridge	25
Capt. Culbert, Uxbridge	25
Sister Boulton, Temple	24

EASTERN PROVINCE.

53 Hustlers.

SERGT. MRS. GRAVES, Monston	281
CAPT. A. HORWOOD, Charlottetown	215
SERGT. FLOOD, Hamilton, Ber. (av. 3 wks)	182
CAPT JACKSON, Halifax I.	145
SISTER M. GRAHAM, Halifax I.	115
LIEUT. BROWN, Summerside	105
CADET HAWBOLD, St. John I.	101
CADET DEACON, Fredericton	100
Sergt. Vanbuskirk, Moncton	97
Capt. A. Hutt, Sussex	91
Sister Mercey, St. John I.	83
Lieut. Martin, Hamilton, Ber. (av. 2 wks)	80
Bro. C. Wangham, Charlottetown	80
Capt. J. Green, Yarmouth	75
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	75
Sergt. Mrs. Olive, Carleton	70
Cadet Pemberton, St. John I.	64
Capt. Hickey, Hamilton, Ber. (av. 2 wks)	60
Sister Susie Lebans, Fredericton	60
Lieut. Muttart, Woodstock, N. B.	59
Capt. Plitman, Sydney	58
Pub. Sergt.-Major, St. John III.	55
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Springhill	55
Lieut. Davies, Canning	54
Sergt.-Major Harding, Yarmouth	51
Mrs. Loyns, Fredericton	50
Cand. Urquhart, Springhill	50
Lieut. Miller, Annapolis	47
Sister H. Adams, Houlton	46
Capt. N. Knight, Chatham	45
Sister L. Selig, Carleton	45
Capt. Behant, St. John I.	45
Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	44
Sister M. Pollock, Fredericton	40
Sister J. Smith, Hamilton, Ber. (av. 2 wks)	40
Sergt.-Major Cuthbertson, Moncton	40
Bro. Read, St. John I.	40
Sergt. Allen, St. John III.	38
Lieut. Held, Kentville	37
Sister Wort, Woodstock	34
Sister Currie, Woodstock	34
Sergt.-Major Chase, Fredericton	32
Sister A. Pitcher, Sydney	30
Cadet Armstrong, Fredericton	29
Sister M. Petts, Springhill	28
Sister Plaice, Hamilton, Ber.	25
Cadet Kirk, Fredericton	25
Mother England, Chatham	25
Capt. F. Knight, Chatham	23
Capt. A. Andrews, Houlton, Me.	22
Sergt.-Major Chandler, St. John III.	20
Mrs. Taylor, Chatham	20
Sister A. Smith, Hamilton, Ber. (av. 2 wks)	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

51 Hustlers.

ENSIGN WALKER, Belleville	140
CAPT. WILSON, St. Albans	127
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, Kingston	86
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto	80
Ensigh Kendall, Cobourg	78
Mrs. Simmons, Kingston	76
Lieut. Owen, Cobourg	70
Capt. McIntyre, Gananoque	66
Adjt. Bradley, Cornwall	63
Ensigh Parker, Quebec	60
Capt. Norman, Napanee	60
Lieut. Wood, Napanee	60
Lieut. Sleeth, Morrisburg	60
Lieut. Crego, St. Albans	56
Lieut. Latimer, Cornwall	55
Lieut. McFarlane, Gananoque	53
Lieut. Newell, Prescott	50
Lieut. Carter, Prescott	50
Sister Richea, Montreal IV.	50
Capt. Nyland, Odessa	50
Capt. Michiel, Montreal II.	50
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	45
Lieut. Williams, Pembroke	45
Capt. Findlay, Brighton	45
Lieut. Randall, Arnprior	47
Ensigh Parker, Quebec	46
Capt. Patten, Newport	45
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	42
Capt. Banks, Quebec	41
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville	40
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	40
Lieut. Dawson, Kemptville	35
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	35
Lieut. O'Neill, Millbrook	35
Adjt. McAmmond, Kingston	32
Capt. Lelonde, Montreal II.	30
Lieut. Ludlow, Coaticook	30
Lieut. Burtch, Newport	30
Lieut. Tuck, Coaticook	30
Sister Chillingworth, Montreal IV.	30
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall	30
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall	28
Lieut. Hickman, Morrisburg	27
Capt. Stainforth, Arnprior	25
Mary Suddard, Kingston	25
Capt. Crego, Sunbury	23
Capt. Banks, Quebec	20
Sergt. Roote, Belleville	20
Birdie McNanny, Kingston	20
Capt. Magee, Kemptville	20
Cand. Hoole, Montreal II.	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

15 Hustlers.

LIEUT. G. MORRIS, Rossland (av. 2 wks)	140
LIEUT. GAIN, Billings	120
CAPT. KRELL, Nelson	114
SISTER LEWIS, Victoria	110
MRS. ADJT. AYRE, Victoria	100
ENSIGN ZIEBARTH, Spokane	100
Cadet M. Lloyd, Anaconda	94
Lieut. Walrath, Livingston	89
Treas. M. Bury, New Whatcom	77
Capt. Thorkildson, Nanaimo	74
Capt. Scott, Spokane	70
Sister G. Tracey, Anaconda	60
Cadet E. Ellison, Westminster	55
Sister Gerrow, Nanaimo	36
Cadet Brown, Trail	34

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

10 Hustlers.

CADET CURTIS, Winnipeg	129
Capt. R. Ledrew, Jamestown	75
Cadet Wick, Winnipeg	72
Cadet Wilcox, Winnipeg	68
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	65
Sister M. Chapman, Winnipeg	54
Sister S. Chapman, Winnipeg	42
Capt. Pattenden, Fargo	36
Capt. Frazer, Brandon	32
Ensign Smith, Brandon	27

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

5 Hustlers.

Cadet Sparklin, St. Johns II.	41
Lieut. Young, Grand Bank	35
Capt. Harrie, Trinity	22
Capt. Hiscock, St. Johns II.	20
Bro. Wm. Carter, St. Johns II.	20

KLONDIKE.

1 Hustler.

LIEUT. AIKENS, Dawson City	225
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BROTHER STONE, OF LAKEFIELD, C. B. M.

AGENT, AND HIS SALVATION WIFE.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING:-
PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOIN STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, OR
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR:-

CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.
Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Smeeton, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

A Prisoner's Song.

[Madam Guyon wrote this hymn in 1698, while a prisoner at Vincennes.]

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well-pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Nought have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom well I love to please
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bents to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldest not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round,
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh! it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose Providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find,
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

An Iron Pillar.

Biography of Madame Guyon.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"This poor woman attracted the notice of certain persons of some name and authority in the church. They visited her; and, as her method of worship was somewhat out of church order, they reproved her, and told her it was very bold of her to practice prayer in the manner she did. They said it was the business of priests to pray, and not of women. They commanded her to leave off prayer, in the method in which she practised it, and threatened her if she did not. The woman was ignorant, except so far as she had learned something from the Bible, and as God had inwardly taught her. God gave her words to reply. She said that what she did was in conformity with Christ's instructions. She referred them to the thirteenth chapter of Mark, where Christ instructed His disciples to pray; noticing particularly the remark which is added, namely, 'What I say unto you, I say unto all.' This passage, she said, authorized all to pray, without specifying priests or friars, or giving them any privilege in this respect above others. She told them, moreover, that she was a poor and suffering woman, and that prayer helped her; and that, in truth, without the consolations of religion, of which prayer is the appropriate and natural expression, she could not support her trials.

"She also referred to her former life. She had formerly been without religion, and was a wicked person. She had known religion, and held communion with God in prayer, she had loved Him, and she thought she could say she loved Him with all her soul. To leave off prayer were to lose her spiritual life. Therefore she could not do it. She also directed their attention to other persons, who had recently come into the state similar to her own. Take twenty persons, said she, who are religious, and observe their life. Take twenty persons who do not practise prayer and know nothing of the religion of the heart, and make the same observations. And judge then, whether you have any good reason for condemning this work of God.

CHAPTER X.

Persecutions Increase.

"Such words as these," says Madam Guyon, "from such a woman, might have fully convinced them. But instead of that, they only served to irritate them the more. They threatened her with a withdrawal of the privileges of the Church, unless she promised to desist from her course; that is, unless she promised not only to renounce the reading of the Bible, and the practice of inward and outward prayer, but to renounce Christ Himself. Her answer was that she had no choice in the matter. Her decision was already made. Christ was Master, and she must follow Him.

They put their threats into execution to some extent. But she remained steadfast.

"The persons who represented the dominant part of the orthodox Church in Thonon, finding their efforts in a great measure ineffectual, next took the course of ordering all the books, without exception, which treated of the inward religious life, to be brought to them; and they burned them with their own hands in the public square of the place.

"In a letter found in the Life of Bishop D'Aranthon, the writer says, 'We have burnt five of the books on these subjects. We have not much expectation of getting possession of many others, for the men and women who read them, have their private meetings or assemblies, and have resolved that they will burn the books themselves, rather than let them fall into our hands.'

"Madam Guyon gives us further to understand, that some of the persons engaged in these things, were apparently religious; but religious in the common mixed way, partly human and partly Divine, partly from earth and partly from heaven. Consequently, so much of their actions as was not from God was from that which is the opposite of God, namely, Satan. And this was particularly the case in the treatment of the pious girls who, being poor

mere outward and formal prayer; refusing absolution to such as were in the practice of it, and driving them by their threats into consternation and almost into despair."

"But this state of things, which had the appearance of crushing religion, gave occasion for a remarkable exhibition of God's power and grace. Even some of these men, obviously without religion, led to inflict upon their own characters by the sad lesson of the violence which they themselves had exhibited, became, after a short time, humbled in heart. Through Divine grace they not only ceased from their evil works, but became experimentally and practically new creatures in Christ Jesus. 'And then,' she says, 'the Lord made use of them to establish religion and the life of prayer in I know not how many places. They carried books, which treated of the inward life, into those very places where they had formerly burned them.'

"Meanwhile the work of God continued. Sinners were conversed with: those who were religious prayed; those without religion began to believe, and were saved. When opportunity offered, Madam Guyon, whose efforts were unwearied, extended her labors to the neighboring villages. On one occasion she made an excursion by water to Lausanne, situated on the lake, about

"It would be difficult for me to enumerate all the unkindness and cruelty practised towards me. The little garden near by my cottage I had put in order. Persons came at night and tore it all up, broke down the arbor, and overturned everything in it; so that it appeared as if it had been ravaged by a body of soldiers. My windows were broken with stones, which fell at my feet. All the night long persons were around the house, making a great noise, threatening to break it in, and uttering personal abuse.

(To be continued.)



MATTHEW H. STABLES,
Regular Correspondent, Fargo, N. D.

"Glory to God, I am sweetly saved and fully trusting in God. His grace is sufficient for me. Praise God for the Army, for through their prayers I was brought out of darkness into light, and now I am enjoying the beautiful experience of a heart made right with God, and am determined in the strength of my Redeemer to be a true soldier for God and the Army till death."

Our Daily Bread.

Just as we need to repair and build up our physical frames by the daily assimilation of physical food, so we also need to provide for the nourishment and growth of our spiritual powers by communion with the Infinite Spirit from whom all Life proceeds, and by the apprehension of truths which are vital and fresh to us. The prayer "Give us this day our daily bread," includes more than "the bread that perisheth," and provision has been made for the supply of this our supreme need. If we seek after Truth and open our hearts to its reception, it will be given us upon the condition that we obey it and utilize it as we get it. If we put our prejudices and inherited delusions aside, if we turn our faces towards heaven and watch for the light of the day dawn on the inner horizon of our souls, we shall not be disappointed, but shall at last find ourselves led by the Spirit of Truth into the glorious liberty and health of the Children of God.

Holiness Choruses.

Key C.

By the Blood my Saviour shed upon the tree,
He redeemed me. He redeemed me;
By the Blood my Saviour shed upon the tree,
I'm now from sin set free.

* * * * *
Keep me unspotted from sin, dear Saviour,
Keep me unspotted from sin, dear Lord;
To live for Thy glory, to tell out the story,
Of how Thou hast suffered and died.

* * * * *
Living beneath the shade of the Cross,
Counting the jewels of earth but dross,
Cleansed in the Blood that flowed from His side,
Enjoying a full salvation.

* * * * *
By His strong hand He leadeth me,
He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
A faithful follower I will be,
By His strong hand He leadeth me.

* * * * *
I will not, will not, will not, will not,
Will not let Thee go
T'll Thou art mine and I am Thine,
I will not let Thee go.

Don't Forget It! Don't Lose this Chance!

To save time, order from your Provincial Officer. He carries a full stock of these lines.

THE TRADE SECRETARY.



and obliged to work continually, formed little neighborhood associations; prosecuting in this way their work together, and these were strong helping the weak. The eldest presided at those little meetings; and the one best qualified for that task was appointed reader. They enjoyed themselves in spinning, weaving ribbons, and other feminine occupations. Prayer and religious love made all pleasant. Such assemblies were not uncommon among Protestants, but the prevalent religious party at Thonon considered them inconsistent with the Roman Catholic methods. And, accordingly, they separated these poor but happy girls from each other, deprived them, as a punishment, of their usual Church privileges, and drove some of them from the place.

"Speaking of the persons who thus violently beat one good man, and of others, she says, 'They greatly troubled and afflicted all the good souls, who had sincerely dedicated themselves to God; disturbing them to a degree which it is difficult to conceive; burning all their books which treated of inward submission and the prayer of the heart, in distinction from

fourteen miles from Thonon, and nearly opposite to it.' Finding the house she lived in to be very unhealthy, and yet determined not to abandon the neighborhood, this wealthy lady, who had been trained to enjoy all the splendor of Paris, removed to a little hut, of which she says:—

"It had a look of the greatest poverty, and had no chimney except in the kitchen, through which one was obliged to pass to go to the chamber. I gave up the largest chamber to my daughter and the maid. The chamber reserved to myself was a very small one; and I ascended to it by a ladder. Having no furniture of my own except some beds, quite plain and homely, I bought a few cheap chairs, and such articles of earthen and wooden ware as were necessary. I fancied everything better on wood than on plate. Never did I enjoy a greater content than in this hovel. It seemed to me entirely conformable to the littleness and simplicity which characterize the true life in Christ.'

Her enemies, however, were determined not to let her rest long even in this poor shelter.



Tunes.—Praise (B.J. 143); He lives (B.J. 313); Come on, my partners (B.J. 190); Come, comrades dear (B.B. 9).

1 Oh, love divine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my willing heart All taken up by Thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of redeeming love— The love of Christ to me!

Stronger His love than death or hell; Its riches are unsearchable; The first-born sons of light Desire in vain its depths to see, They cannot reach the mystery, The length and breadth and height.

God only knows the love of God; Oh, that it now were shed abroad In this poor stony heart! For love I sigh, for love I pine: This only portion, Lord, be mine— Be mine this better part!

Tunes.—Let me hear Thy voice (B.J. 83, 3); When the pearly gates (B.J. 142, 2); The goodness of God (B.J. 195, 2).

2 Let me hear Thy voice now speaking, Let me hear, and I'll obey: As before Thy cross I'm seeking, Oh, chase my fears away! Oh, let the light now falling Reveal my every need! Now hear me while I'm calling, Oh, speak, and I will heed!

Chorus.

Speak, Saviour, speak; Obey Thee I will ever; Now at Thy cross I seek From all that's wrong to sever.

Let me hear, and I will follow Though the path be strewed with thorns; It is a joy to share Thy sorrow, Thou makest calm the storm. Now my heart Thy temple making, In Thy fulness dwell with me; Every evil way forsaking, Thine only I will be.

Let the Blood of Christ forever Flood and cleanse my heart within, That to grieve Thee I may never More stain my soul with sin. Farewell to worldly pleasure, Farewell to self and pride; How wondrous is Thy treasure With Jesus at my side!

Tune.—Rouse from thy slumber (B.J. 33).

3 Roused from thy slumber, called forth to war, I follow now my Saviour; I tread the path that He trod before, Winning for me God's favor. Danger and hardship, sorrow and pain, I'll bear with joy for my Saviour's name; Though fierce the conflict, yet this I know, I shall the victory gain.

Chorus.

Oh, I am a soldier. Glory to God! Fighting for Christ, who bought me; I am a soldier, washed in the Blood, Marching along to glory.

I will be daring, fighting for God, True to the charge He gives me; Gladly I'll stand where Jesus has stood Though it my life may cost me. Now sin's enticements I'll treat with scorn, My heart from Jesus no power shall turn; For Him who suffered death me to save, My soul with love shall burn.

Tune.—Lord, I make a full surrender (B.J. 31).

4 Oh, the precious Blood of Jesus, Fountain of redeeming love, Wondrous stream to cleanse and keep us, Fit to dwell above. Theme of full salvation's story, Sign of love on Jesus's brow, Open up the way to glory, Blood that cleanses now.

Chorus.

It is cleansing, it is cleansing, While before the Lamb I bow;

Oh, the precious Blood of Jesus! Shed to purchase harp and crown, Love's redemption price to free us, Life for life laid down; Sprinkling, purging, cleansing, flowing, For the world's deliverance given; Oh, that precious Blood of Jesus! Sign and seal of heaven.

Oh, the precious Blood of Jesus! Holy current, pure and strong, Sweeping sin's stronghold before it, Mastering all that's wrong, Fount of mercy everlasting, Virtue from the great I AM, Keeping saints forever casting Crowns before the Lamb.

The Late Colonel Pearson.

The Story of Love.

Tune.—Nellie Gray.

5 I have often told the story Of our great Redeemer's love, Yet, to me, it is still, as ever, new, And I never feel like stopping. In whatever part I rove, For I've proved that the story told is true.

Chorus.

Oh, then, poor sinner, come, At the Cross I know there's room; Through the Fountain of His Blood you can be whole. See, the Saviour now is waiting, From your soul to lift the gloom, And the sin from your heart He'll quickly roll.

When the Roll is Called

6 When the roll is called in heaven, And the host shall muster there, I will take my place among them, And their joys and sorrows share.

Chorus.

Angels call the roll up yonder, Muster day in heaven proclaim; Call the roll, and at the summons I will answer to my name.

When the roll is called in heaven, I will answer to my name; And come forward at the summons, My inheritance to claim.

When the roll is called in heaven, To the front I'll make my way, And be welcomed by the Master To the realms of endless day.

Tune.—A never-failing Friend.

7 Poor sinner, the Saviour has died on the tree, That you from your sins might be free; Oh, come to the Cross with your sin and your guilt, The Fountain is open for thee. Oh, come right away, come while it is day, Your chances are fading so fast; Oh, come to the Saviour, He's waiting just now, To cleanse and forgive you the past.

No matter how guilty you be; So come to the Fountain and there you will find Salvation, full, present and free. Bandmaster R. C. Goodchild, St. Thomas.



CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS IN TORONTO.

MISS BOOTH

will conduct

Golossal Limelight Service

in the

S. A. TEMPLE

Tuesday, December 27th,

at 8 o'clock,

Assisted by COLONEL JACOBS, LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS, BRIGADIER COMPLIN, BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH, BRIGADIER GASKIN, BRIGADIER MRS. READ, ALL HEADQUARTERS and PROVINCIAL STAFF, with the FAMOUS STAFF BAND.

Appointments

OF THE

Field Commissioner.

The Pavilion, Toronto,

SUNDAY, December 18.

BERMUDA CAMPAIGN.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs

Will Visit the following Corps:

HAMILTON, Sunday, Dec. 4.

ST. GEORGES, Monday, Dec. 5.

HAMILTON, Friday, Sunday and Monday, Dec. 9, 11 and 12.

WARWICK, Tuesday, Dec. 13.

SOUTHAMPTON, Wednesday, Dec. 14.

SOMERSET, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 15 and 16.

ST. GEORGES, Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 17 and 18.

HAMILTON, Monday and Wednesday, Dec. 19 and 21.

The Territorial Secretary,

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts

JAMESTOWN, Sun. and Mon., Dec. 11, 12.

GRAND FORKS, Tues., Dec. 13.

FARGO, Wed., Dec. 14.

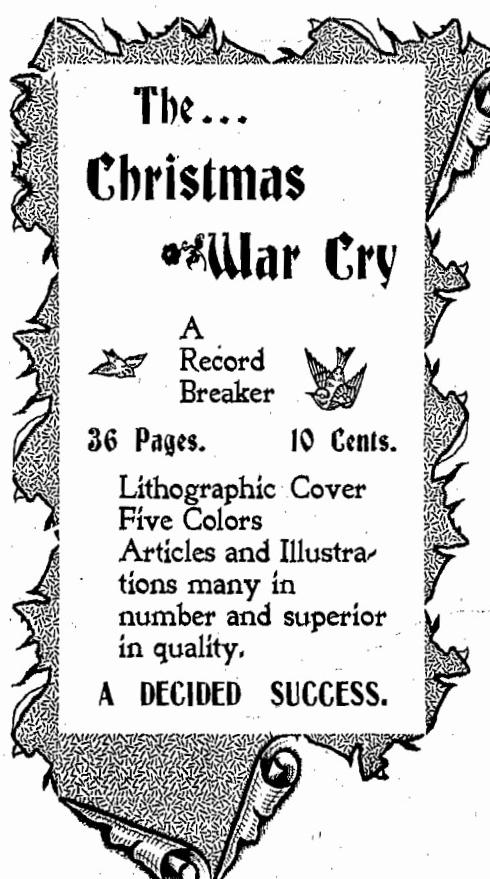
MRS. BRIGADIER READ,

Women's Social Secretary,

will visit

Ottawa, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 10, 11, 12.

On the physician's advice Mrs. Read has been compelled to postpone future appointments.



Chorus.

Oh, come to Jesus now! Oh, come to Jesus now! The precious Blood is flowing for to wash you white as snow. Oh, come to Jesus now! Oh, come to Jesus now! He'll take you in, forgive your sin, and wash you white as snow.

On Calvary Jesus did suffer and die To rescue your soul from the grave; Oh, turn from the broad way and on Him rely.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the